

## MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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### A GROUP OF COLUMBUS PORTRAITS

WITH every great historic celebration the projectors become unwittingly the important instruments through which an overwhelming patriotic public sentiment finds expression. While about to act the part of leaders they are themselves led, or pushed, rather, by the forces already existing, into the current which sweeps them to their destination. This was conspicuously true at the time of the Washington centennial in 1889, and it is strikingly foreshadowed for the approaching jubilee of the nations in the phenomenal interest suddenly awakened in the personality of Christopher Columbus. Very little has been heard of him in late years, except through the researches and publications of antiquarians and specialists. Indeed, he seems to have been packed away among the school-books, as if an ineligible candidate for public favor, and only brought out at intervals when infant classes made their debut upon the stage. Now the entire world is in quest of information. The man who four hundred years ago faced the perils of unknown waters to solve the mystery of his time is the hero of the hour. The long sleep of many generations of people has been disturbed. Students and writers and readers of every grade are exploring the remote past, and the figure of Columbus, his lineage, opportunities, attainments, characteristics, and achievements, are enlisting universal scrutiny and attention.

The portraits of Columbus are not numerous. It has been surmised that there was no true likeness of the illustrious navigator extant, but this theory cannot be accepted without proof. In recent months this magazine has published five Columbus portraits \* of special value as souvenirs,

\* "Columbus in Chains." Fac-simile of an engraved copy of the painting by G. Wappers. Stuttgart. *Magazine of American History*, April, 1890 [xxiii. 265].

"Columbus Explaining his Theory of a New World to the Prior of the Franciscan Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida." Fac-simile of an engraved copy of the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R. A. *Magazine of American History*, May, 1890 [xxiii. 353, 406].

"Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella." Fac-simile of the painting by Vacslav, in Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. *Magazine of American History*, April, 1891 [xxv. 269].

each with a picturesque and touching history. The beautiful picture of Columbus at the convent of Franciscan friars is a fac-simile of one of the finest engravings ever made of the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R. A. It was executed by the queen's engraver, and it aptly illustrates one of the most important events in the checkered career of America's discoverer. The remains of the old Gothic convent of La Rabida, or a reproduction of it in miniature, is contemplated to form a part of the Chicago exhibition, which from its present signs of promise cannot fail to be one of the greatest object lessons in human history.

The oldest engraved likeness of Columbus is a coarse wood-cut, by Paolo Giovio, published in his *Elogia Virorum Illustrium* in 1575. It is thought by some that the Yanez painting in Madrid was the original of this quaint portrait, but the fact has never been satisfactorily established. It must be remembered in comparing these pictorial relics of Columbus that they are no more varied in effect than those of Washington, although belonging to a much earlier period. They were executed at different dates, and centuries before the photograph came into existence, when art itself was in its cradle. Some of them were undoubtedly genuine studies from life, while others may have been copies, or from the graphic descriptions of contemporary writers. Peter Martyr, one of the earliest historians to treat of Columbus and his times, was born only ten years later than the distinguished navigator, and knew him personally and well. Martyr acquired a great reputation for learning, and Queen Isabella, being anxious for the intellectual advancement of Spain, wished to employ him to instruct the young nobility of the royal household. She sent a messenger to ask him in what capacity he would serve her, and was disappointed when he replied, "In the profession of arms." But she attached him to her household and military suite, and he was continually in the royal camp for many years. He was present at the triumphal reception given Columbus on his return from his first voyage by Ferdinand and Isabella, in Barcelona. Martyr's principal work, originally written in Latin, is an account of the discoveries of the new world, in eight *Decades*, each containing ten chapters. In writing these he is said to have taken great pains to obtain information from Columbus himself. Martyr was a bustling, gossipy reporter, in the daily practice of writing letters to celebrated persons, in which he chatted freely about the doings of the court and of the courtiers and their friends.

"Columbus." Fac-simile of an engraved copy of the painting by Sir Anthony Moro. *Magazine of American History*, June, 1891 [xxv. 429].

"Columbus." Fac-simile of the Montanus engraving, 1671. *Magazine of American History*, September, 1891 [xxvi. 161].



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

[Fac-simile of a rare print of the oldest wood-cut portrait of Columbus extant, by Paolo Giovio, 1575.]

That Columbus was tall, well-built, and of majestic presence, we have abundant evidence from more than one person who knew him. It was particularly stated by Herrera that his face was long, neither full nor thin;

and all the ancient writers agree that he had an aquiline nose and high cheek-bones. Fashions were fickle then as well as now; thus it is not improbable that in some seasons Columbus appeared with a clean-shaven face and in others with a mustache. He was before a curious public for upwards of a quarter of a century, growing older each year, and his aspect must have undergone considerable change during that time. The engraved

portraits to be found in this country are so lamentably few that the European archives have recently been explored and with results both suggestive and instructive.\* The Capriolo engraving, which Carderera believed in and accepted for his *Informe*, published at Rome in 1596, seems to have had a prototype in the old wood-cut of 1575. This was also adopted by Banchero in his edition of the *Codice Colombo Americano*.† It is in the precise style of the Yanez portrait at the National Library, Madrid, supposed to be the oldest painting of Columbus now in Spain, and the one which the present Duke de Veragua pronounces the most authentic of all his portraits.‡ It was purchased of Yanez in Granada in 1563, and it was then supposed that Antonio del Rincon, a Spanish artist of fame in the period of Columbus, painted it from life about the time the discoverer



N. pons

COLUMBUS.

London draw.

[After Capriolo, 1596.]

returned from his second voyage. It originally had a close-fitting tunic and mantle, which subsequently were painted over to show a robe and a fur collar! This external painting has, however, been removed. A

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Warner C. Crane for the use of the numerous examples of Columbus portraiture which are given to our readers in this chapter; also for the beautiful French engraving of Napoleon Bonaparte which forms the frontispiece to the number. These were all discovered in Europe during the summer just past, and have been added to their owner's fine collection in New York City.

† *Magazine of American History*, August, 1877 [i. 511].

‡ *Magazine of American History*, June, 1884 [xi. 554].





THE DE BRY PORTRAIT, THE SECOND OLDEST ENGRAVING, 1595.

copy of the Yanez portrait is in the rooms of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

The De Bry portrait has been many times engraved; there is a photograph of it in Harisse's *Notes on Columbus*. De Bry claimed that the painting from which he made it was from life, executed by order of Ferdinand,

the king. He said that the original picture was stolen from a saloon in the Council for the Indies in Spain, and being taken to the Netherlands



COLUMBUS.

fell into his hands. He first produced the plate and used it in Part V. of his *Grands Voyages* in 1595, where it is marked, "Engraved by Jean de Bry." Next to the wood-cut of 1575 it is the oldest known engraved picture of Columbus. It gives us a broad, smooth, Dutch face, partly framed by a three-cornered hat. A portrait which in its general characteristics differs very little from either the Yanez or the De Bry representation, is in the gallery at Florence. It was copied for Thomas Jefferson in 1784, which copy is now the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The original painting was believed to have been in the

Lake Como collection of notables, which Paolo Giovio [Paulus Jovius in Latin] formed at his villa.

We give the French portrait opposite for the specific purpose of illustrating the seven-lettered cipher or signature of Columbus, which stands thus:

S.  
S. A. S.  
X. M. Y.  
XPO FERENS

The first half of the last line *XPO* (CHRISTO) is in Greek letters, while *FERENS* is Latin. The initials above the signature are supposed to represent some pious expression. To read these one must begin with the lower letters and connect them with the upper ones. It was in accordance with ancient usage in Spain to accompany the signature with religious words to show that the writer was a Christian, a custom now obsolete.

Sir Antonio Moro's beautiful portrait of Columbus, which forms the frontispiece to our June, 1891,\* issue, was painted at the Spanish court some time during the decade between 1543 and 1553. It was copied from two miniature portraits which had been originally painted from life for the court of Spain, by order of Queen Isabella, when Columbus was in the flush of triumph; and it is stated on the best of authority that Moro was allowed to make but this one copy, and, therefore, that this picture has no duplicate. If there is another we should be very glad to hear of it for

\* *Magazine of American History*, June, 1891 [xxv. 429].

many reasons. It represents Columbus in full court dress of velvet, with ruff and rings. Washington Irving selected it while in England, for the frontispiece to one of the early English editions of his *Life of Columbus*, and in describing it he said, "It was brought to this country (England) about the year 1590, and has been in possession of one (private) family until very recently, when it was purchased by Mr. Cribb, of King street,



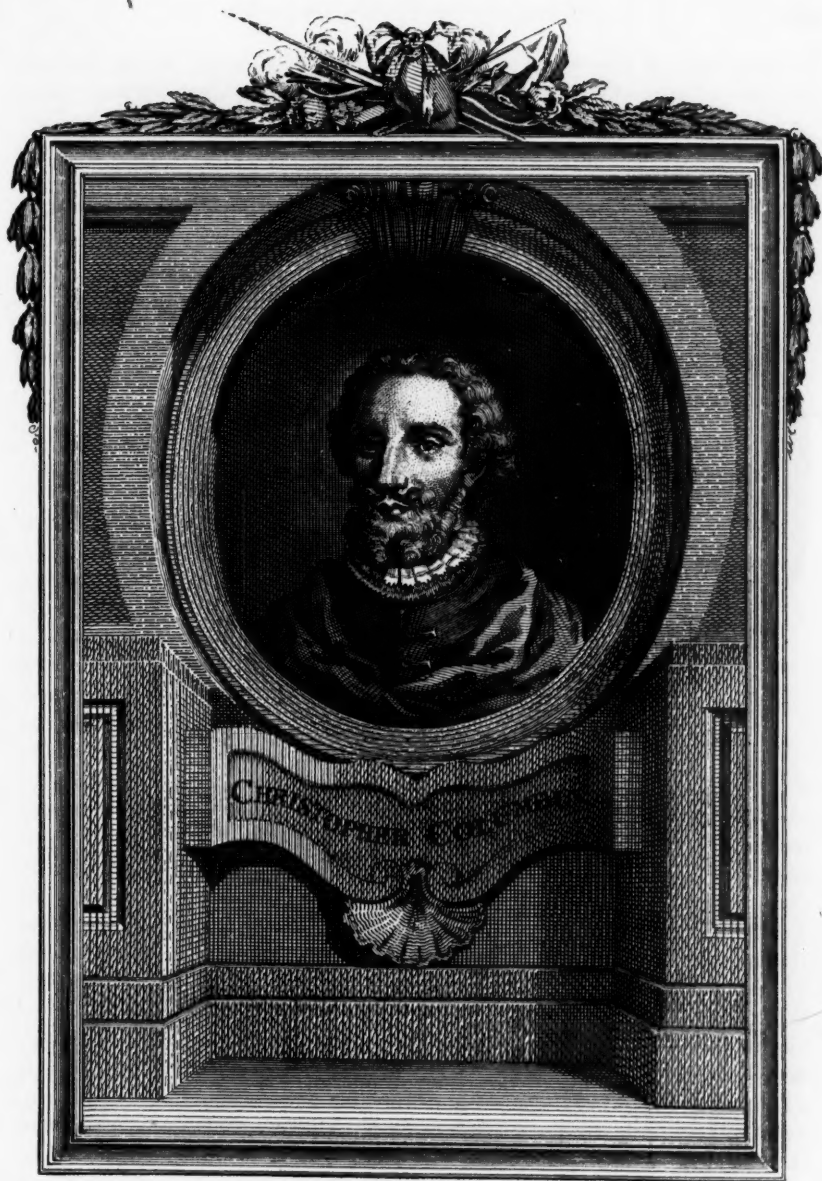
.S.  
S. A S  
M Y  
Xpō FERENS! /

COLUMBUS IN ARMOR, WITH SIGNATURE.

Covent Garden, London. The characteristics of the mind and features of Columbus are so forcibly depicted in this picture that no doubt can remain but that it is a true and perfect resemblance." It sustains admirably Prescott's description of its distinguished subject, who says Columbus "had a majestic presence with much dignity, and at the same time much affability of manner."

The subsequent history of this great painting will interest the curious. It was sold on the death of Mr. Cribb in 1876, and the purchaser a few months since resold it to Raymond Groom, of Pall Mall, London. In the early part of May, 1891, Miss Alden, a young American lady, the granddaughter of Thurlow Weed, while returning with her mother from a tour of the continent, tarried in London a few days before sailing for America. At the last moment, on her way to the steamer, some London friends insisted upon taking her to see this famous picture, and she was so much delighted that she immediately sought and obtained an engraving of it, which she brought across the Atlantic in her hand, and on the first evening of her arrival in New York presented it to the editor of this magazine, which accounts for its publication in June. A few weeks later, Mr. Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, who was in London, bought the painting from Mr. Groom, and brought it with him to America. It is now in Chicago, placed temporarily in the Libby Prison War Museum in that city, of which Mr. Gunther is president; and it will be one of the most attractive exhibits at the World's Fair. It is said that the frame is as wonderful as the picture, it being constructed from historic material in a grand mass of intricate carving. It is gilded, and on the top is the coat of arms and quarterings of Columbus—the oyster shells, the anchor, the sword, and the ship. A golden crown surmounts the frame, showing conclusively that the work was executed for royalty. Sir Antonio Moro, otherwise known as Sir Anthony More (1512–1581), spent some time in studying the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but he won greater success in painting portraits in the style of Hans Holbein, and he rose to eminence very quickly. He was several times in Spain by invitation of Emperor Charles V. and Philip II., and executed many likenesses of the royal family. Several admirable examples of his work are preserved in Madrid. He also went to England to paint the portrait of Queen Mary.

We have no example to offer in these pages of the Jomard portrait of Columbus, but it may be seen in the American edition of Irving's *Columbus*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The features are elongated more than in most of the portraits extant, and the Flemish ruff, pointed beard, gold chain, with other adornments, have created doubts as to its authenticity. Jomard said he found this canvas at Vicenza, with the name of Columbus inscribed upon it, and he fully believed in it, accounting for the accessories through the supposition that they had been added by a later hand. Jomard sent a lithograph of it to Irving, but the latter was skeptical; and Jomard's views obtained no sympathy with Carderera and Feuillet de





Couches, both of whom rejected it.\* The nearest approach to the Jomard style in our group may be observed in the little oval picture on page 246.

The portrait of Columbus in his youth is of deep interest, and the likeness is unquestionably the same as that of the subject of the picture on the preceding page, allowing for the difference in age. The younger face reveals the more character of the two, for which we are possibly indebted



COLUMBUS.

to the engraver. It has the characteristics of the future navigator as we have been taught to understand them, the wrestling with ideas too large for his brain, the amused concern with which he touches the edge of speculative romance. The new epoch in the art of printing was at its work of scattering misinformation. Some geographical knowledge was interwoven with an immense amount of absurd fiction. The wonderful impulse given to navigation by means of the magnetic needle was yet to be understood. India beyond the Ganges was the mythical land of promise, and the freshly printed ancient stories about Carthaginian sailors who had "voyaged through the Pillars of Hercules and found a strange

country supposed to be Asia," and of brave Greeks and Persians who had coasted Africa, were enough to inflame the fancy of a youth of adventurous tendencies, who had for his birthright the intellectual restlessness of the age. Books were exceedingly scarce, a luxury confined to the upper and wealthy classes, yet Columbus managed to secure the opportunity of reading what Aristotle had written about the small space of sea between Spain and the eastern coast of India, and also what Seneca had said about the ease with which that sea might be passed in a few days with the aid of favorable winds. What a bewildering vision of possibilities must have taken possession of his forming mind! Marco Polo had ere this returned from his journeyings across Asia, and people were hearing of the wonderful country at the east where cities were running over with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires; where the floors and roofs of palaces were of solid gold, and the rivers hot enough to boil eggs! Could there not be found some water-

\* *Narrative and Critical History of America.*

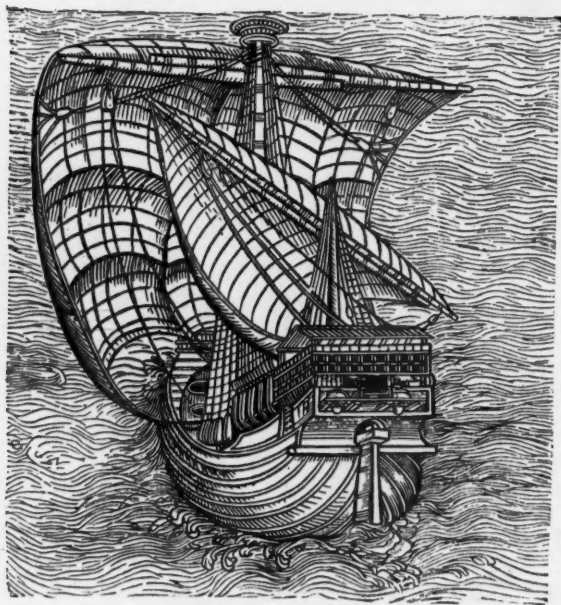


COLUMBUS IN HIS YOUTH.

way of communication with such a land, where even the bark of trees could be changed into money?

The career of Columbus abounds with picturesque and romantic situations. He grew into manhood in a singularly dark period, when the occasional gleams of light were mere flashes, and science a vast uncertainty. No

wonder his hair whitened ere he was thirty years old, for he was in a heroic struggle to grasp the fragments of knowledge and adjust them to the consummation of what seemed to his contemporaries the very wild project of proceeding in a ship to the regions of gold and precious gems. He had no means of knowing the size of the globe, and was deceived, as was every one else from Ptolemy down, through lack of correct notions of longitude.

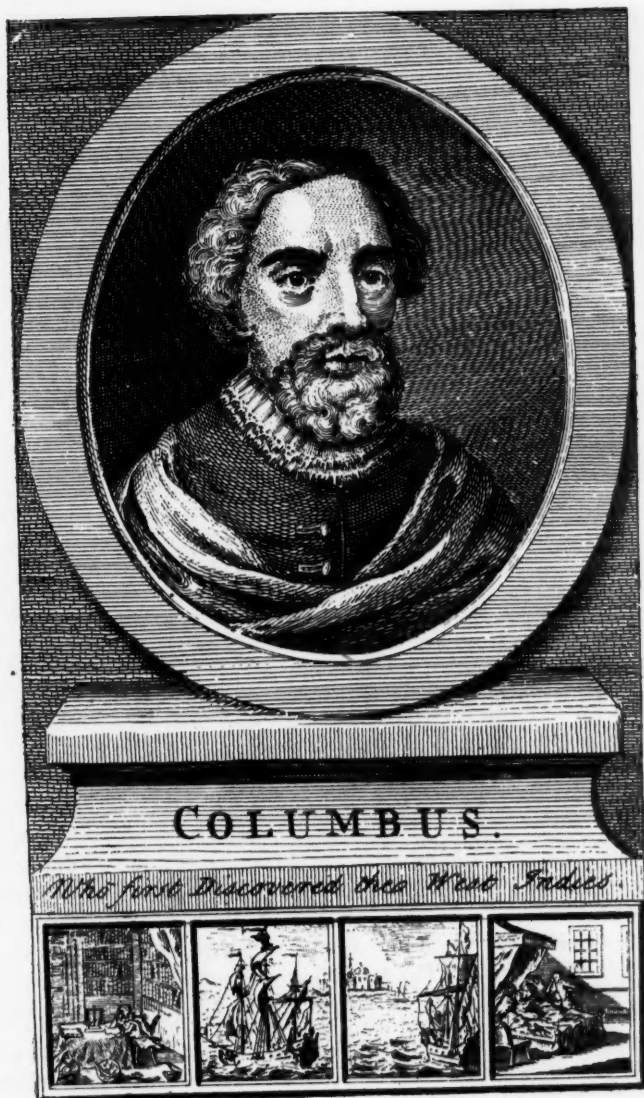


SHIP OF THE COLUMBUS PERIOD.

Columbus even wrote to Queen Isabella after his first voyage, that the earth was much smaller than he ever supposed!

While at the university of Pavia, Columbus had studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation, learned to read and speak in Latin, and made some headway in drawing and design. His early experiences in seafaring life were chiefly on the Mediterranean, and extremely hazardous

and exciting. He was a few years in Portugal, and became familiar with the schemes of that country to circumnavigate Africa. But he could not convince the dull and the doubtful that it was safe to cross the furious currents of the ocean, where there was no opposite shore! He married the daughter of a distinguished navigator, lately deceased, to whose papers he had access, and when on shore supported his family by making maps and charts. He resided for a time at the newly discovered island of Porto Santo, where his wife had property left her by her former husband, the governor of that island. His wife's sister was the wife of Pedro Correo, a navigator of note, who had also been governor of the island. He was surrounded by the stir and bustle of discovery, and heard all the fantastic



stories about islands to the west, like that of the seven cities. African discoveries had conferred great glory upon Portugal, but these had so far proved more expensive than profitable. When Columbus applied for funds to enable him to make a voyage of discovery he was, as we all know, unsuccessful; and the death of his wife influenced him to leave Portugal. It is no part of the purpose of this paper to recite the details of his baffled efforts in other directions. Suffice it to say that he could not convince one man that it was possible to sail west and reach east, but eventually found in a woman's mind the capacity to appreciate and the liberality to contribute the expenses for his famous undertaking. He confidently anticipated finding immense kingdoms and inexhaustible wealth, and never was man's mistake more prolific in important results—never was an experiment based on speculative hopes so effectual in enlightening the ignorance of an age.

The Montanus portrait gives us an animated countenance in which may be read the intense satisfaction of a great purpose partly achieved. Columbus in this picture seems to be on his way to the land of his dreams, and his ambition is curbed into the most agreeable expectations. It is a fine specimen of the engraving art two hundred and twenty years ago, published in the *Nieuwe en onbekende Weereld*, of Montanus, 1671; subsequently repeated in Ogilby's *America*, and reproduced in Herrera's edition of 1728.\* A similar engraving with pointed beard and ruff is preserved in the national library at Paris. In the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts in Philadelphia is a copy of a picture said to belong to the Duke de Veragua, which has a full beard, armor, and ruff, the portrait, indeed, which Muñoz adopted for his official history, and re-engraved in the English and German translations. The portrait in the archives of the Indies at Seville is believed to be a copy of it. The government of the state of New York has a Columbus portrait, presented to that body in 1784 by Mrs. Maria Farmer, the great-granddaughter of Jacob Leisler, which had been in her family upward of one hundred and fifty years,† and it was hung in the senate chamber at Albany. The Lenox library possesses a copy—presented by Obadiah Rich—of the picture at Madrid, associated with the Duke of Berwick-Alba, which has a ruff and mustache, and is surrounded by the finery of a throne. The medallion on the tomb in the cathedral at Havana is thought to have been copied from this painting although the

\* Frontispiece to the *Magazine of American History*, September, 1891 [xxvi. 161]. It is a fac-simile of the engraving in an original copy of the *Nieuwe en onbekende Weereld* of Montanus, in possession of Mr. Warren C. Crane.

† *Magazine of American History*, December, 1880 [v. 65, 426].





*M. Maella pinx.*

*P. Meyersck sculp. New York.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

[From an American engraving of the Maella portrait.]

one sent as a model to Havana belonged to the Duke de Veragua. There exists in Cuba, in the consistorial hall at Havana, a portrait presented by the duke, on panel, in which Columbus is dressed as a *Familiar of the Holy Inquisition*.\*

The double-headed picture of Ferdinand and Isabella, from a con-

\* *Magazine of American History*, August, 1877 [i. 510].

temporary print, is pertinent in this connection, and will be greatly prized by the public. Columbus was in Spain as early as 1485, and had interviews with some of the Spanish nobles, whose estates on the sea-coast were like principalities, with ports and shipping and hosts of retainers. He was entertained at the house of the Duke of Medina Celi, who listened to his theories and was almost persuaded to risk a trial and grant him three or four caravels which lay ready for sea. He concluded, however, that the enterprise ought to be guided by a sovereign power, and wrote to Isabella recommending it strongly to her attention. Just then all the chivalry of Spain had been summoned to the war-path for the conquest of the Moors, who, from having once spread over the country like an inundation, were now pent up in the mountains of Granada. It was not an auspicious moment for Columbus to unfold his wishes. Some months elapsed before he obtained an audience, and it is not certain that Isabella was even present on the occasion. Ferdinand and Isabella lived like two allied monarchs, while happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other. They had separate councils in their respective kingdoms, and were often widely separated in different parts of their empire, each exercising royal authority. Under these sovereigns the various petty kingdoms of Spain were brought to feel and act as one nation. All public documents were executed in both their names, their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin, and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Aragon.

Ferdinand was a great observer and judge of men, and perceived that Columbus, notwithstanding his visionary views, had a scheme to offer that had a possible practical foundation. But it involved so many principles of science that he would not trust his own judgment with it, and commanded the most learned astronomers and cosmographers of Spain to assemble and examine the would-be discoverer. What a spectacle this board of investigators would make if it could be reproduced in tableaux at the World's Fair! Some of the eminent scholars in this gathering thought it great presumption in an ordinary man to suggest a form for the world different from the prevailing opinion! "Is there any one so foolish as to believe there are *antipodes* with their feet opposite to ours?" asked one grave theologian. "People who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? Where the trees grow with their branches downward? And where it rains and hails and snows upward?" "The idea of the roundness of the earth has been the cause of inventing this fable of the *antipodes*!" said another. "To believe this doctrine we must discredit the Bible." And then ensued a long theological discus-

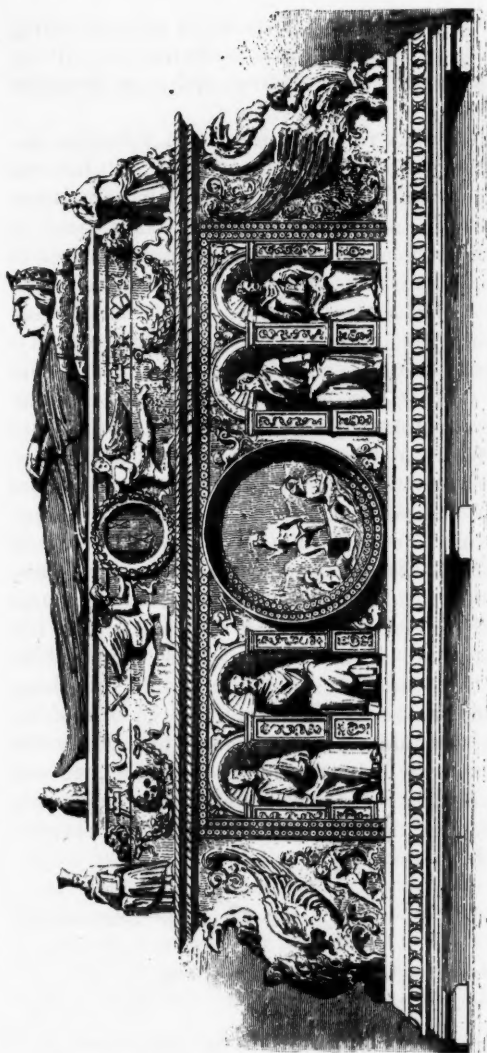


KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA.

[Fac-simile of an exceedingly rare contemporary print.]

sion, in which what is said in Psalms and in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, about the heavens being like the covering of a tent, was quoted to prove the flatness of the earth. Columbus was informed that the opposite half of the earth was a chaos, a gulf, or a mere waste of water. Should a ship succeed in reaching the extremity of India it could never get back again. The roundness of it would present a kind of mountain, up which no vessel could ever sail. Columbus spoke eloquently in his own behalf when permitted, and with an air of confidence and authority. Some of his auditors were convinced by his skillful reasoning, but not the majority, and the conference was suddenly adjourned without definite result by the sudden departure of the Castilian court for the scenes of battle. Other conferences were projected in the vicinity of the sovereigns, but the tempest of war hurried the court from place to place so unexpectedly that they were postponed. Isabella went personally into the campaigns, and much of their success was the result of her presence, resolution, and counsel. The pomp with which military movements were conducted in this war led Ferdinand and Isabella to remonstrate with some of their principal grandees on its evil tendency. These barons vied with each other in the costliness of their apparel, equipage, and plate, and were always surrounded by a throng of pages in gorgeous liveries, yet on all occasions they contended with each other for the post of danger. The king and queen, however, were not themselves wanting in stately magnificence of display when occasion required. Isabella, for instance, had been requested, in 1486, to meet Ferdinand in the camp before Moclin. She came, accompanied by her daughter Isabella, with a courtly train of damsels mounted on mules richly caparisoned. The queen herself rode a chestnut mule, seated on a saddle chair embossed with gold and silver; the housings were of crimson and the satin bridle was curiously wrought with letters of gold. The infanta wore a skirt of fine velvet, over others of brocade, a scarlet mantilla of the Moorish fashion, and a black hat trimmed with gold embroidery. Isabella was met on her approach by an advance corps in command of Marquis-Duke of Cadiz, and a few miles from Moclin by the Duke del Infantado with the principal noblemen and their vassals, gayly accoutred. On the left of the road was drawn up in battle array the militia of Seville, and the queen, bowing to the banner of that illustrious city, ordered it to her right. The successive battalions saluted her as she advanced, by lowering their standards, and the multitudes cheered her as she passed.

Ferdinand, mounted on a handsome war-horse of a bright chestnut color, was sheathed in complete mail, over which was thrown a French



THE TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

surcoat of dark silk brocade. A buckler was attached by golden clasps to his arm, and he wore a white French hat with plumes. The caparisons of his horse were azure silk, lined with violet, dotted with stars of gold, which swept the ground as he controlled his fiery courser with an easy horsemanship that elicited general admiration. He was followed by a retinue of pages in costly liveries and attended by a splendid train of titled officers. The king and queen approaching bowed thrice to each other, with formal reverence; Isabella, at the same time, raising her hat, and remaining in her head-dress with her face uncovered. Ferdinand riding up saluted her affectionately on the cheek, and then turned and kissed his daughter.

It is said that the suits of armor worn by both Ferdinand and Isabella are preserved in

the museum of the armory at Madrid, and that those worn by Isabella are the larger. She was not, however, a woman of great size, but finely built and of commanding presence; and she excelled her husband in



personal dignity, in acuteness of perception, in breadth of understanding, and in grandeur of soul. Washington Irving, who made her life a study, does not hesitate to say, "She was one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history."

The story of the visit of Columbus to the convent of La Rabida has been already published in this periodical.\* Our readers are familiar with the fact that, responding to the summons from Isabella, Columbus reached the royal camp before Granada in November, 1491, just in time to witness the memorable surrender of Granada, when the last of the Moorish kings delivered the keys of that favorite stronghold, the Alhambra, to Ferdinand and Isabella, who, attended by all the distinction and magnificence of Spain, took possession of the captured city. Thus ended the Arabian empire in the peninsula, after an existence of seven hundred and forty-one years. The consequences of the triumphant conclusion of this war were not only of the greatest moment to Spain, but they affected the future of the whole civilized world. When the standard of Spain floated from the highest tower of the Alhambra a new continent dawned, the merest speck it is true, on the hidden edge of the horizon, but destined never to disappear. As the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the *Te Deum*, and the procession moved into the city amid the shouts of gladness and hymns of thanksgiving, there was one man in the throng who felt that his longed-for hour had come. Columbus had been promised an interview, and he knew that these monarchs of Spain would now keep their word and speedily give him an honorable reception. In one of his letters Columbus wrote: "In the midst of the general incredulity the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy; and whilst every one else, in his ignorance, was expatiating only on the inconveniences and cost, her highness on the contrary approved it and gave it all the support in her power."

*Martha J. Lamb*

\* *Magazine of American History*, May, 1890 [xxiii. 406-408].

## THE ST. CROIX OF THE NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY

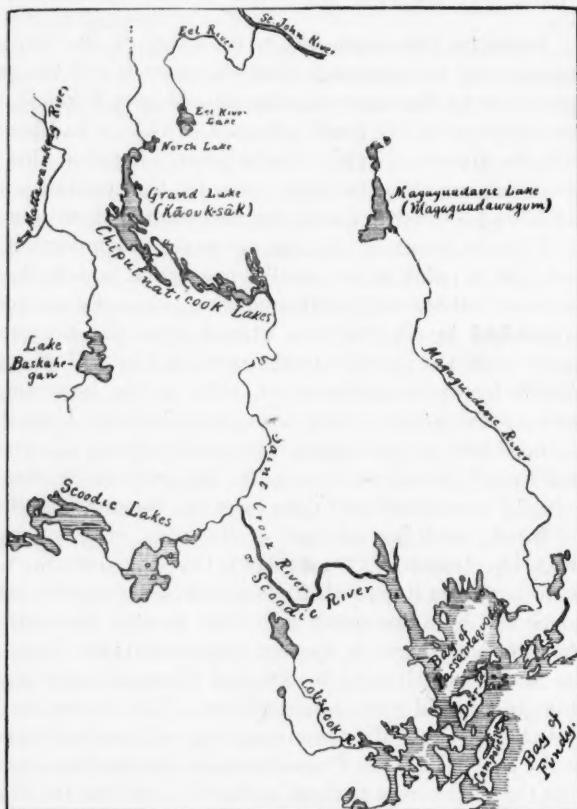
Although the northeastern boundary of the United States has long been settled as a national question, there is still the greatest difference of opinion as to the course the line should have taken if, instead of following the compromise line finally adopted in 1842, it had been run in accordance with the treaty of 1783. Some points indeed in this already voluminous discussion can never be settled, and the last words upon them will probably not have been written until the last amateur historian ceases to write.

There is, however, at least one point in connection with this boundary, and that a point of no small importance, which, though capable of final and most satisfactory settlement, has, curiously enough, been persistently overlooked by all who have written upon the subject. We refer to the question of the identity of the river St. Croix of Mitchell's map, the river chosen by the negotiators of 1783 as the beginning of the boundary between the British dominions and those of the United States. This river has been held by all United States writers to be the present Magaguadavic, and by all British writers to be the present St. Croix, the river which actually was chosen and does form the boundary in that region.

Briefly told, the position of the river St. Croix in the controversy is this: The treaty of 1783 declared that the river St. Croix is to form the boundary from its mouth to its source, and from the latter point it is to be continued by a due north line. No further description or localization of the river was given; it was not even stated that it was the old St. Croix of De Monto's settlement in 1604, and of various early grants, that was meant, though it would seem a fair inference that it was intended for the same. But the very year after the treaty was signed doubt arose as to the position of the St. Croix. The Passamaquoddy Indians had testified as early as 1764 that the river known to them as the St. Croix was the Magaguadavic, and the testimony had been repeated to different surveyors.\* The negotiators of the treaty were asked what map had been used, and answered that John Mitchell's map of 1755 was the one used, and that the St. Croix marked upon it was the river chosen as the boundary. This map, however, was

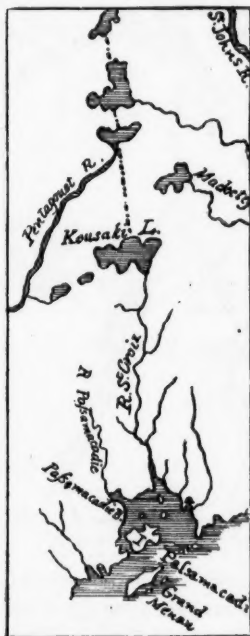
\* *American State Papers*, Vol. I, p. 91. Kilby, *Eastport and Passamaquoddy*, etc. No writer appears to have commented on the fact that the value of the testimony of the Indians in fixing the St. Croix of Mitchell's map is quite negated by the fact that the Scoodic, or modern St. Croix, has also been called St. Croix from the very earliest times, as no person whatever doubts. Indeed, contemporary maps show two rivers called St. Croix falling into Passamaquoddy.

too inaccurate to settle the question. [Compare the two first maps.] It marks two rivers emptying into Passamaquoddy, that to the west called Passamacadie, and that to the east, St. Croix. The latter of these United States writers have always contended must be the Magaguadavic, especially since it is called St. Croix by the Indians, and the former must be the modern St. Croix or Scoodic. British writers, on the other hand, have held that the eastern river was the present St. Croix (the Magaguadavic not being marked), and the western river was the Cobscook. The question at once became a burning one, and demanded immediate settlement. Accordingly commissioners were appointed, and in 1798 they decided that the river called St. Croix or Scoodic was the true St. Croix, and should form the boundary. This decision they based, not on the identification of the St. Croix of Mitchell's map (that point they did not decide), but upon the discovery of remains of De Monto's settlement, which placed it beyond all controversy forever that this was the ancient St. Croix of French settlement and early grants. Their decision led to the choice of the Scoodic as the boundary, which, so far, was satisfactory to the



MODERN MAP OF THE ST. CROIX REGION.

British. But the people of the United States were far from satisfied, and they continued to claim that the St. Croix of Mitchell's map, not the ancient St. Croix of the French, should form the boundary, and Mitchell's St. Croix they still held to be the Magaguadavic.\* This is their whole contention in brief: The St. Croix of Mitchell's map was chosen as the boundary by the commissioners, and whatever river Mitchell's St. Croix



EXTRACT FROM MITCHELL'S MAP  
OF 1755.

was intended for, that river should be the boundary, whether it be the ancient St. Croix or not.

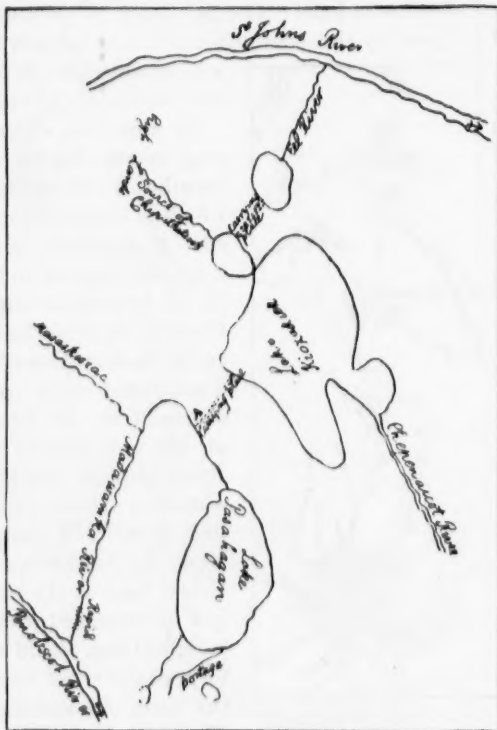
So imperfect is the topography of Mitchell's map in this region that, looking simply at the mouths of the rivers, it is impossible to tell for which of those of modern maps they are intended. It is a very curious fact that none of the disputants appear to have examined their sources. It will be seen by our second sketch that the St. Croix of Mitchell's map flows from a large lake called by him *Kousaki*. All the maps of this and a somewhat earlier period have this lake at the source of the St. Croix, and when it has a name at all, it is a form of this same word. Thus, Bellin in 1744, and D'Anville in 1755, have *Kaouakousaki*. If the identity of this lake can be settled, it will, of course, settle that of the river. Now, the Passamaquoddy Indians of to-day call Grand lake at the head of the St. Croix *Ka-ouk-sak* (pronounced *Kay-ouk-sahque*), which, in the locative form, would be *Ka-ouk-sak-ook*. Mitchell's form of the word was clearly the last syllables of the form *Kaouakousaki*, used by Bellin in 1744.

The resemblance between the modern *Ka-ouk-sak-ook*, and the old *Ka-ou-ak-ou-sak-i* is striking, the more especially when it is remembered that the two words are written one hundred and fifty years apart by men of different nations. On the other hand, the Passamaquoddies call the lake at the head of the Magaguadavic by a very different name. We have not its exact modern form, but it is very like

\* For instance, it has been laboriously argued by Hon. Mr. Washburne (in *Collections Maine Historical Society*, Vol. VIII). Winsor's *America* (VII, p. 173) takes the same ground: "If the testimony of Mitchell's map was worth anything, there was no question that the easterly or Magaguadavic river (Mitchell's St. Croix) was the river intended by the treaty." Kilby (*Eastport and Passamaquoddy*) and others adhere to the same view, and it is re-affirmed in the latest volume of the collections of the Maine Historical Society (Series 2, Vol. I, p. 189).

*Magaguadawagum*, a totally different word from that at the head of Mitchell's St. Croix. Indian place names are very permanent. Dozens of them could be cited in Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, which have hardly sensibly changed since the first exploration of the country. In the face of this evidence it seems probable almost to certainty that the lake Kousaki and river St. Croix of Mitchell's map are the modern Grand lake and St. Croix river.

But happily we have other good evidence on the point. The sketch on this page is from a valuable manuscript map in possession of W. H. Kilby, author of *Eastport and Passamaquoddy*, through whose kind permission we are enabled to reproduce it. The map was made in connection with the settlement of the St. Croix in 1798, and bears this indorsement: "This scetch was taken from one made on birch bark by Francis Joseph an Indian, with the assistance of other Indians, as also the above in-



MAP DRAWN BY AN INDIAN IN 1798.

formation at Pleasant Point May 8th, 1798, by us Thomas Millidge, Robt. Pagan." It will be noticed that on this map lake *Kioxakick* is the same as the modern Grand lake, as its position with reference to the St. John and Penobscot portages shows. This form of the word differs no more from those we have given than is to be expected in allowing for individual differences in hearing and writing the same Indian word.

In Sotzmann's map of Maine of 1797 and 1798, there is no mistaking the meaning of the *Kawakusaki*—it is applied to Grand lake at the head of the St. Croix river, though he naturally favored the American view, that the





EXTRACT FROM SOTZMANN'S MAP OF MAINE, 1798.

St. Croix of Mitchell's map was the Magaguadavic. The latter part of this word is almost identical with the form used by Mitchell, and the entire word is very close to the French form of Bellin and D'Anville.

It should be noticed how the position of the lake confirms this testimony of names. In all of these maps it is shown as in close proximity to Eel river (called Medoctec on French maps) on the one hand, and to Baskahegan stream, an affluent of the Penobscot, on the other. This is strictly true of Grand lake, as in first map. One of the most traveled and best-known of the old Indian trails was by way of Eel river to North lake and Grand lake, and thence by the Baskahegan to the Penobscot.

The conclusion then seems clear that the claim of United

States writers that the St. Croix of Mitchell's map was the Magaguadavic, which therefore should have formed the boundary, must be abandoned; and it must be conceded that the St. Croix of De Monto's settlement, of Mitchell's map of 1755, of the treaty of 1783, of the commissioner's choice of 1798, and of the present boundary, are one and the same river, and that the boundary at this point at least is in accord with the treaty. This is a happy conclusion and one which should remove one cause, even though a slight one, of irritation between two peoples who should be bound together by the closest ties of social and political friendship.

W. F. Lawrence,

## HUGH McCULLOCH ON DANIEL WEBSTER

In 1831 and 1833 Boston was more famous than now for its lawyers. At the head of his profession stood Mr. Webster, one of the few men who have obtained great distinction as lawyers and advocates, orators and debaters. He excelled in all these qualities, and in this respect he was without an equal in this country or in others. No man can read Mr. Webster's argument in the Dartmouth College case and doubt his extraordinary legal ability; or his speeches in the Knapp trials, without being impressed with the power which he brought to bear upon a jury; or his grand orations at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, without acknowledging him to have been an orator of the very highest grade; or his reply to Mr. Hayne in the United States Senate in the great debate on the Foote resolutions, without admitting that as a debater he was without an equal.

I have said Mr. Webster was the only man I ever knew or heard of who united in himself the highest qualities of an advocate, orator, and debater. He has never been excelled, if equalled, in making difficult and intricate questions intelligible to jurors. He never permitted the minds of jurors to be diverted from the real question upon which a case turned. Brushing aside everything that was not essential, the strong points only were presented by him, and those with exceeding clearness. I was struck with this the first time I heard him before a jury. He was defending a man who had been indicted for forgery. To obtain a verdict, it was necessary that the state should not only prove that the forgery had been committed, but that the forged instrument had been uttered in Suffolk county, where the case was being tried. To my surprise, at the very commencement of the trial, before a witness had been called, Mr. Webster rose to his feet and said in a quiet manner: "May it please the court, we admit the forgery, so that the evidence on this point will be unnecessary. We deny that the note was uttered in this county." I was amazed at this admission. To me it seemed to be giving away the case. But the wisdom of it soon became apparent. Mr. Webster was quite sure that the forgery could be proved, but he doubted that the state would be able to prove that the paper had been issued in Suffolk county. The defendant was acquitted for want of proof on this point.

—*Men and Measures of Half a Century.*

## CABOT'S LANDFALL

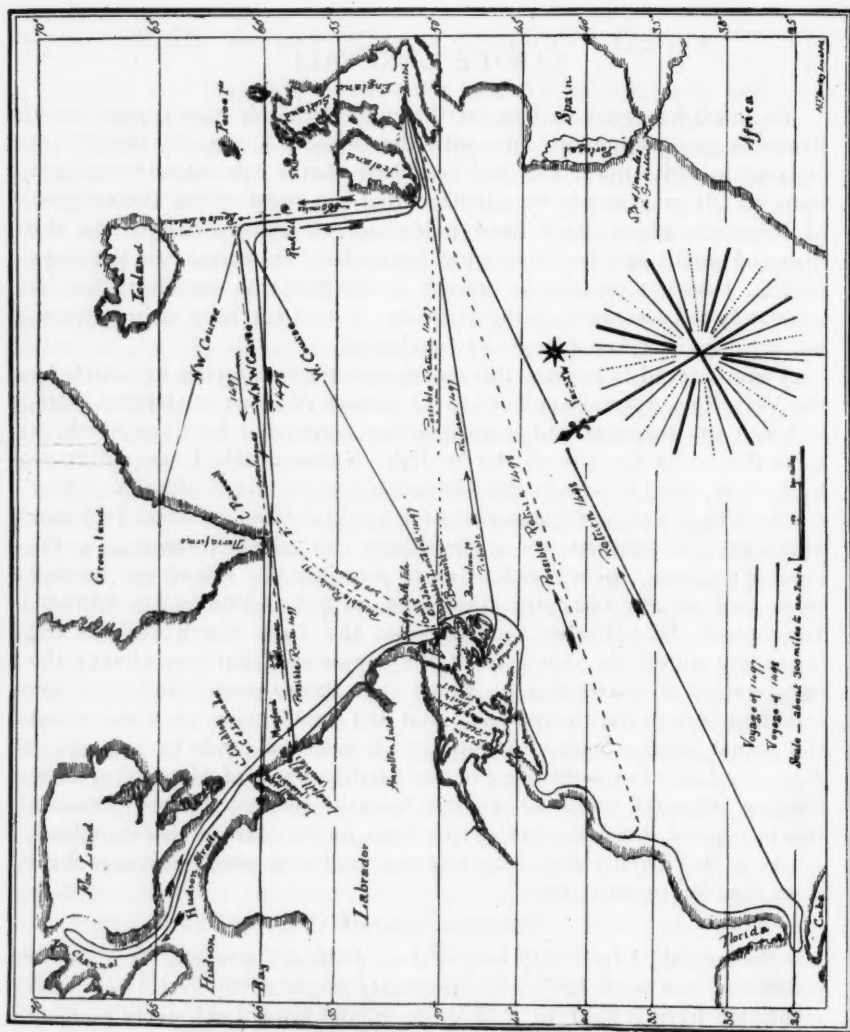
So much has been written on this subject that it may appear superfluous to spend any more time with the theme. I certainly should not attempt to write did I not feel confident that I can throw fresh light upon it. It must surely be admitted that notwithstanding the volumes of literature which have been published, all endeavoring to fix the disputed point, still no thoroughly satisfactory statement has yet been made. I do not pretend at present to say that this, my effort, shall be absolutely the last word on the question ; it does not fully satisfy myself, but it brings us a step nearer to a conclusion.

I was induced to prepare this monograph through seeing an article by the Very Rev. Abbé Beaudouin in *Le Canada Français* of October, 1888, in which the reverend and learned author contended for Cape North, in Cape Breton, as the site of the landfall. Subsequently I saw an article by J. P. Howley, F.G.S., in the *Transactions of the Geographical Society of Quebec*, 1889. This latter article had for its object, first, to refute Professor Horsford, who contends for an imaginary site called Norumbega as the landfall ; second, to establish as most probably the site of the landfall some part of the Labrador coast between  $55^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$  north latitude. Incidentally Mr. Howley touches upon the Cape North theory, and shows the unreliable character of the supposed Cabot map of 1544, the only vestige of foundation on which that theory rests, which it is my intention here to put to final rest. But first I shall say a few words about the actual landing spot. At present all evidence tends to point to a place on Labrador, somewhere in the neighborhood of Mugford or Cape Chidley,  $55^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$  north. There still, however, remains a strong presumption in favor of Bonavista, or Cape St. John, on the coast of Newfoundland.

As a Newfoundlander, reared in the tradition which has been held from time immemorial, that

"Bónavista, happy sight !"

was the landfall, I feel loath to give it up without a struggle. It is still in possession, and until fairly and irrevocably displaced by irrefutable arguments, we have a right to hold on to it, and bring forth every possible title of proof in favor of it. This I have done, and I leave it to my readers to weigh the strength of the arguments. I will proceed at once to the consideration of the voyages and the fixing of the landfall, leaving the



ILLUSTRATIVE MAP, DRAWN BY RIGHT REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D., P.A.

refutation of the Cape North theory till afterwards, as it follows almost like a corollary from the former. The following are the only facts we know concerning the first voyage of Cabot (1497). We must carefully avoid applying to the first voyage facts and statements belonging to the second. The confounding of these data has hitherto been the cause of much confusion among writers, not only concerning Cabot, but all early navigators.

The patent or commission of Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sanctius, is dated March 5, 1495, old style, as this was previous to the correction of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. (1582). The year, according to the Julian calendar, began on March 25, hence this patent was given in the spring of 1496, as we would now call it. The expedition, however, did not, for some reason or other, set out that year, perhaps owing to the intrigues of De Puebla, Spanish ambassador in England, at the instigation of Ferdinand and Isabella, who were jealous of this new English enterprise, and feared an encroachment on the realms so lately acquired for their crown by Columbus. At all events the expedition did not start from Bristol till May 2, 1497, and the voyagers returned August 6. There was but one small ship, the *Matthew*, with eighteen men, principally sailors from Bristol.

The accounts of the voyage extant, or at least which have yet been discovered, are very meagre. We have a letter, dated August 23, 1497, from a certain Lorenzo Pasquaglio, a Venetian merchant living in London, to his brothers, Aloisio and Francesco, in Venice. The letter contains the popular error, not then exploded, that the land newly discovered was the eastern shore of Asia, the land of the Grand Kham described by Marco Polo. "The Venetian, our countryman," writes Pasquaglio, "is returned, and says that seven hundred leagues from this he discovered land. He followed the coast for three hundred leagues, and landed. He did not see any human being; but he brought to the king certain nets or snares for taking game, and a needle for making nets. He also found some felled trees, wherefore he supposed there were inhabitants, and returned to his ship in alarm. He was three months on his voyage, and on his return he saw two islands to starboard, but he did not land, time being too precious. He says that the tides are slack, and do not flow as they do here. He planted on his new-found land a large cross, with one flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield."

Next we have a letter, written almost at the same date, August 24, 1497, from Don Raimondo Soncini, envoy of the Duke of Milan, at the court of Henry VII. of England. He was well acquainted with the

Cabots, and describes what he actually witnessed with his own eyes. Both these letters, it will be observed, were written only about three weeks after Cabot's return, and while all England was ringing with the wondrous news. Raimondi writes: "Some months since, his majesty sent a Venetian, who is a great navigator, and who has great skill in discovering new isles. He has returned safe and sound, after having discovered two isles, very large and very fertile. He places the discovery of the new land at four hundred leagues from the west coast of Ireland."

\* On December 18, 1497, Raimondo wrote another letter to the Duke of Milan, which gives some further particulars. He says that Cabot, having rounded the southwest coast of Ireland, "bent his course towards the north, and after a few days (*fra qualche giorni*) he left the north on his right hand and began to sail towards the east"—i.e., the west.\* After wandering a long time (*avendo errato assai*) he found *terra ferma*, where he planted the royal banner and took possession in the name of the king. He says that the sea in those parts was full of fish called *stocchi fisci* (stock fish, or cod), which are taken not only by means of nets, but by a sort of basket or pot immersed in the water."

All this he (Raimondo) says he had from the mouth of John Cabot himself. He says also that Cabot made a map and a globe, or solid sphere, "on which he shows where he landed." "He [Cabot] says that he went much farther *eastward* than *Tanaïs*,† and thinks that the land discovered is that where grows the Brazil wood and the silk tree; and now that they know where to go, they say it is a voyage of not more than fifteen days."

We have another letter touching this first voyage. It was written on July 25, 1498, while the explorers were still away on their second voyage. It is from Pedro de Ayala, protonotary and ambassador of Spain in England, to their majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. It reveals the jealousy with which the action of England was regarded by Spain at the time. De Ayala says he saw the map which Cabot had made, and on it the direc-

\* The writers of that day speak of the west as the east and *vice versa*. Believing in the roundness of the earth, they knew that if one could proceed far enough westward he would come to the east, and they believed the new lands discovered were the East Indies. So on the other hand this same Raimondo says elsewhere of John Cabot, that when on one of his journeys to Mecca, seeing the caravans of spices coming from the far east to Alexandria, he argued that they must come from the country of the north towards the west (i.e., east), or from China (Cathay) or Japan (Chipango).

† *Tanaïs* was the classical name for the River Don, separating Europe from Asia; it was supposed to divide the earth into two equal parts, east and west, as alluded to in the following line of Lucretius:

"Mediæ dirimens confinia terræ."



tion which the discoverers had taken, and the distance which they had run upon the sea. He also (Ayala) speaks of the imaginary *seven cities*,\* and says that for the past seven years the people of Bristol had annually sent three or four vessels in search of these isles at the instigation of the Genoese (*i.e.*, Cabot). De Ayala also speaks of the imaginary isle of Brazil, where was supposed to grow the tree *cæsalpinia echinata*, from the wood of which was made the celebrated red dye. In conclusion he writes: "I will not send this time to your majesties the copy of the *mappa mundi* which Cabot has made. I think the new land is not more than four hundred leagues from here. In my opinion the map is false, for it shows that the land in question" (*i.e.*, the land discovered by Cabot) "was *not* the same as the said isles." That is to say, De Ayala was of opinion that the land discovered by Cabot, and claimed for England, was in reality that which had been discovered a few years before by Columbus for England. Hence, because it did not seem to occupy the same place on the map, De Ayala suspects Cabot of having made a false map.† These are all the particulars that remain to us of the first voyage of Cabot. No trace has been found up to the present day either of the map or globe made immediately after, or more probably during, the voyage. From the words of De Ayala it would seem that every day's journey, with course and distance, was plotted out on the chart as exactly as it is done by our most skillful navigators of the present day. "I saw," says De Ayala, "on the map the course they took and the distance run."

Leaving out the errors current in that semi-classical age concerning the isles of the ocean, the seven cities, and so forth, we find the following facts. On rounding Cape Clear, the southwest point of Ireland, the voyagers turned their course northwardly, and coasted along the western

\* The idea of this imaginary place arose from a tradition of seven Spanish bishops flying from the Saracens in the eighth century. The name is still retained by a part of the Island of St. Michael's, in the Azores.

† This confounding of the discoveries of Cabot and Columbus will account, it seems to me, for the strange intermingling, on the early maps of Verrazani, Majollo, Ribero, etc., of the names of places in the West Indies with those of the coast of Newfoundland. Thus interwoven with Bacalaos, Bonavista, Fuego, Aves, C. de Grat, C. de Raz, C. Spera, C. de Pinos, Rognosa, Labrador, and others still existing on the coast of Newfoundland, we find others which have not now, and never had, an existence there, such as Monte Christo, Mille Virgines, Sombrero, St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, St. Anna, Point Diamante, etc. Now, if we look at a map of the West Indies, beginning with the island of San Domingo, and tracing through the Leeward Islands, not only do we find all these names, but what is more, in the exact order in which they occur on the maps of Verrazani and Ribero. This discovery, which I have only lately made, will, I think, help to throw great light on the study of those maps, especially when taken in connection with the suspicions expressed by De Ayala in the above-quoted letter.

shores of Ireland and Scotland for some few days; then they turned to the east (*i.e.*, west), leaving the north on the starboard side, or on the right hand (*a mano dritta*, so writes Raimondo). A vessel sailing with the north on her right side, is, of course, sailing westwardly. Sailing in this direction they discovered land either at four hundred leagues distant or at seven hundred leagues, or (as I shall show) at both these distances.

We have no exact statement as to how far they sailed northwardly before turning to the west, but we can give a pretty accurate guess from the data before us. The navigators said that the new land was about seven hundred leagues, or twenty-one hundred miles distant, and that they could reach it in fifteen days. That would be allowing about one hundred and forty miles a day ( $140 \times 15 = 2,100$ ), or nearly six knots an hour ( $24 \times 6 = 144$ ), which is very good sailing. Now, Raimondo says that on rounding Cape Clear they sailed north for *a few days* (*qualche giorni*). Taking this expression in its ordinary acceptation, we may allow three or four days. Sailing northward from Cape Clear for four days, at six knots an hour, more or less, would give five hundred and sixty miles ( $140 \times 4 = 560$ ). This would bring them to the neighborhood of St. Kilda's, or Rockall, or between that and the Feroe Islands. Then turning their course westward, more or less, they would meet exactly at four hundred leagues distant, Cape Farewell in Greenland. Thus would be verified the statement of the two writers, Raimondo and De Ayala, that the navigators found the new land at four hundred leagues. On Majollo's map (1527) there is a point given exactly corresponding to this cape, and marked *tierra-firme* (Spanish). It is evidently intended to represent the first land seen by Cabot, which point Raimondo calls *terra ferma* (Italian).

This was doubtless the first land seen by Cabot; but being uninviting in appearance, bleak and barren, moreover being evidently only a headland, and the open ocean being still to the westward before him, he pushed onwards without landing, and some three hundred leagues further on—thus making up the seven hundred leagues as mentioned by Pasquaglio, and reconciling those hitherto apparently conflicting statements—he would again strike land, either on the coast of Labrador or on the east coast of Newfoundland. If he had continued westwardly from Greenland, with a tendency towards the north, say west northwest, he would strike the coast of Labrador, about where the Island of Mugford is situated, or between  $55^\circ$  and  $60^\circ$  north latitude. If, however, he had allowed his course to tend somewhat more towards the southwest, he would make land at the same distance of three hundred leagues on the east shore of Newfoundland, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape St. John or Cape Bonavista. I

shall show hereafter that there is a probability, at least, of his having done so, but for the present we will take the former supposition. Pasquaglio tells us that Cabot took possession of the land by raising the royal standard of England and the standard of Venice or St. Mark. Now, on this spot, namely, between  $50^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$  north latitude, we have on Ribero's map (1528) a headland called Cape de Marco. Again, it is stated that Cabot discovered the land on St. John's day, June 24, and gave it the name of the saint, or rather (as stated on the legend of Clement Adams's map of 1549) "a little island which stood out from the land he called St. John." Here again we have on all the old maps, Verrazani, Majollo, and Ribero, in latitude about  $56^{\circ}$ , a small island off the coast, called San Juan.

From all these data it is clear that at that date it was believed that this was Cabot's landfall. It was certainly intended by these cosmographers to represent it. It is quite possible that they may have had by them copies of Cabot's lost map. At all events they had all the traditions of the event fresh in their memories, as they were only removed from the actual event by some thirty years. And Ribero might have had recourse to Cabot himself, who was in Spain during the construction of his map, which continued from 1494 to 1529. Still the knowledge of the new world was as yet so vague and elementary as to easily allow of the east coast of Newfoundland being the site of the landfall of the first voyage.

The proofs of the *second* voyage are more conclusive in favor of Labrador, and are so ample and clear as, in my opinion, to remove all shadow of doubt from any reasonable and unprejudiced mind. The writers who have hitherto discussed this question have invariably, as far as I have seen, confounded the descriptions of the two voyages (1497 and 1498), taking certain statements which were made only in reference to the second voyage as if they belonged to the first, and *vice versa*. Thus, for instance, with regard to the latitude. While there is not any allusion whatever to latitude in the accounts of the first voyage, there are several such concerning the second. It is a mistake to speak of these statements of latitude as belonging to the first voyage; yet we may indirectly draw from them certain conclusions which will throw light on the first, and that for the following reasons:

First, Cabot on this second voyage had in view the same object as on the first—to find a passage to Cipango and Cataia, the imaginary land of spices, of the silk and Brazil wood, of the gold and precious gems. Hence he made for the same place at which he discovered land on the previous voyage, thence to take a new departure in search of the coveted spice-islands. This is not a mere supposition or conjecture. It is expressly

stated by Raimondo, in his letter of December 13, 1497. "He intends," says Raimondo, "starting from the point already occupied the previous year, to go farther towards the east [*i.e.*, west], coasting along all the time." ("*Da quello loco già occupato andarsene sempre a riva-riva verso il levante.*") That is to say, first making land as near as possible to the landfall of the previous year, he will then coast along towards the west, always in search of the passage to Cipango.

Second, he intended to follow the same route as in 1497, as appears from what the voyagers said to Raimondo: "Now that we know where to go, we can reach there in fifteen days." Hence they intended to go to the same place.

Third, the track they followed, along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland northwardly, as far as the point for turning west, was a well-known one at that time to Cabot, Columbus, and other navigators, the route to Iceland. Hence we find Cortereal two years later (1500), taking the same route and discovering Newfoundland or Labrador in the same spot. Jacques Cartier, following the same track in 1534 and 1535, made Bonavista and Bird Islands, or Funks, off Cape Freels (latitude  $49\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  north). It follows from all this that Cabot's landfall in his second voyage was not far from that of the previous voyage. If, then, we can fix more accurately the landfall of 1498, it will help us to form an approximate idea of that of the previous year.

The commission for the voyage of 1498 was issued on February 3, 1497-1498. The expedition did not start till the beginning of May. The fleet consisted of six vessels with three hundred men. Sebastian Cabot went with his father, and doubtless had charge of one of the vessels. De Ayala, in the letter cited above (July 25, 1498), tells us that they encountered severe weather, and one of the ships had to put back to Ireland in a damaged state. There was an Augustinian friar named Buel aboard of this vessel. She was obliged to abandon the voyage, being so injured by the storm. The others proceeded on their way.

The historians on whom we rely for the accounts of this voyage, and from whom all other writers have taken their information, are Peter Martyr, a Spanish historian; Ramusio, an Italian, in his *Viaggi*; Richard Edens, a friend of Cabot; and Gomara, a Spaniard. Peter Martyr says the fleet bore away to the *northwest*, and went so far that even in the month of June or July they encountered large quantities of ice, and the days were so long as to be almost perpetual; so that he put about and sailed towards the west (that is to say, the east). Gomara says: "The days were very long, almost without night, and what night there was, was very

bright." He says that after having gone as far north and west as was possible, "on his way back he rested at Baccalaos," meaning, of course, the place of the landfall, the point from which he had taken his departure to go northwesterly alongshore. Edens says: "Cabot told me that the ice in those regions was of fresh water," which is a fact. All these statements prove quite clearly that he must have gone very far north, very near the seventieth degree of latitude.

Now we come to consider the statements of these writers concerning the latitude. Ramusio, *Sommario delle Indie*, gives  $55^{\circ}$  as the extreme limit of the course. But the same writer, in another place, *Conversazione a Caffi*, gives  $56^{\circ}$ . And then he says that he has a letter from Sebastian Cabot in which he, Cabot, says he went as far north as  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Gomara says: "They went beyond, or above, the cape of Labrador," that is, Cape Chidley, or Chudleigh, and even went farther than that, to the sixty-seventh degree towards the pole"—into Hudson's Strait. (See map.) Sir Humphrey Gilbert, *Discovery of a New Passage to Cataia*, 1583, says: "Cabot entered this fret [Hudson's Strait], and sailed very far westward, with a quarter of the north [west by north] on the north side of the Terra di Labrador, until he came to the septentrional latitude of  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ."

We have here a very great discrepancy of statements, ranging over twelve and a half degrees of latitude, or nearly seven hundred and fifty miles. This disagreement of early and even contemporary writers has been a source of insurmountable difficulty to all later commentators. I flatter myself to have discovered the key to the mystery, and the means of reconciling all these conflicting testimonies. It is the fact already alluded to, and overlooked hitherto by all historians, as far as I am aware, of Cabot's steering north along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland before turning westward. Keeping this fact in view, and examining carefully the statements of historians in connection with it, we have at once the clue to the whole riddle. The skein unravels smoothly; the fog which so long beset these voyages at once rises, and all is clear to our vision.

Let us now look at these statements. It is evident at once that not one of the writers is speaking of the actual site of the landfall. Those who mention  $55^{\circ}$ ,  $56^{\circ}$ ,  $57^{\circ}$ ,  $58^{\circ}$ , and  $60^{\circ}$  are speaking of the point to which Cabot sailed northwardly along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland before turning westward toward Greenland and Labrador. This is no supposition. It is expressly stated by Gomara. "He took the route to Iceland," says that writer, "until he came beyond the latitude of the cape of Labrador, until he reached the fifty-eighth degree." That is to say, he steered northwardly on the well-known track to Iceland, until he came opposite to, or in the



same latitude as, the cape of Labrador. (See map.) He means by that, no doubt, Cape Chidley, the cusp of Labrador. He is slightly out in the latitude; he says: "until he reached the fifty-eighth degree." Now, Cape Chidley is a little beyond the sixtieth parallel of latitude, or about  $60\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Not being a nautical writer, we cannot expect from Gomara that minute exactitude which we would have if we could only find Cabot's own map.\*

Now, this statement of Gomara's agrees exactly with, and corroborates, Raimondo's account of the *first* voyage. "Having rounded the south-west coast of Ireland, he proceeded northwardly *for some days*, and then turned towards the west." On the other hand, those writers who mention  $67^{\circ}$ ,  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ,  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and  $68^{\circ}$  are speaking, *not of the site of the landfall*, or point of land first seen or touched at, but of the point to which Cabot reached before he turned back, after having made land and cruised along shore northerly and westerly. Raimondo says in his letter of December 13, 1497, writing of this second voyage, that it was Cabot's intention, having first made land at the place already occupied the previous year, to coast along westward in search of the passage to Cipango. This is exactly what he did. Having made land somewhere near the spot occupied last year, probably somewhat north of it, that is to say, on the coast of Labrador between  $55^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$ , he coasted northwardly as far as Cape Chidley; then entered the strait of Hudson, and steered, as Sir Humphrey Gilbert says, "west with a quarter of the north, and he sailed very far on the north side of the *Terra di Librador*, June 11, until he came to the septentrional latitude of  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and finding the sea still open, said that he might and could have gone to Cataia if the enmity of the master and mariners had not been." The men grew discontented on account of seeing the sea becoming more and more covered with vast masses of floating ice; as Peter Martyr says: *Vastas reperit glaciales moles pelago natantes*. He was, therefore, obliged to put about and return to Baccalaos, the place of landfall, either Labrador or Newfoundland. And thence he coasted along southwardly and westwardly as far as Cuba, until, as Peter Martyr says, he reached the latitude of the straits of Hercules (Gibraltar,  $36^{\circ}$  north), and he went so far as to have the island of Cuba on his left hand, whence he returned to England.†

The evidence hitherto produced seems to place, almost beyond reasonable doubt, the landfall, at least of the second voyage, on the Labrador

\* In some copies of Gomara's work, after the words "fifty-eight degrees" is added, "and even beyond that," which is correct.

† This would imply that he entered the Gulf of Florida; if so, it is a slight mistake, as that would be as far as latitude  $25^{\circ}$  north.



coast, between  $55^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$  north latitude, or about Cape Mugford. My line of argument would also point to the conclusion that there also was the landfall of the first voyage. Still it is not absolutely conclusive on that point, and leaves the possibility that the landfall may have been a little farther southward; namely, on the east coast of Newfoundland. From the earliest dates an unbroken tradition has existed that Cape Bonavista was the veritable landfall, and while there remains a shadow of a probability in its favor, I do not wish to yield up my belief in this time-honored tradition. I shall now briefly show the reasons which induce me still to hold fast to this claim of Bonavista, which only of late years has been called into doubt.

The authorities for the first voyage make the distance either four hundred or seven hundred leagues. I have accounted for this discrepancy by supposing Cabot to have first sighted Greenland, which is exactly four hundred leagues from St. Kilda's, his starting point. If then he continued in the same course he would make Labrador coast, but it would not be at three hundred leagues farther, but at a little over two hundred and fifteen leagues; while if, after sighting Greenland, he had altered his course somewhat to the southwestward, either on account of ice, or if he had been blown to the southward, or drawn by the Arctic current, or for any other reason, he would then have made the Newfoundland coast in *exactly* three hundred leagues from Greenland, just about the site of the present Bonavista, or Baccalieu Island, or Cape St. John, between  $48^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$  north latitude. Pasquaglio says that on the first voyage, having made land, he coasted along for three hundred leagues. Unfortunately, he does not say whether northwardly or southwardly, but I believe it to have been southwardly and westwardly, and for this reason: We know that on the second voyage, after making land, he coasted northwardly, into the strait and bay of Hudson, in search of the passage to Cathay. Hence I conclude that on the first voyage he had not gone in that direction, and that he explored it for the first time on this second voyage. It follows, therefore, that on the voyage of the previous year he must have coasted in a southwardly direction from the point of landfall. In that case, remembering the object he had in view—the discovery of the passage to Cathay—he no doubt penetrated every inlet, bay, or fiord to satisfy himself as to whether they afforded the looked-for passage or not.

If, then, he had made land anywhere north of the straits of Belle Isle in coasting southward (as we have shown he did), as soon as he came to the said straits he would have entered them, and thus discovered the gulf of St. Lawrence. This, however, we have no evidence of his doing. It has

generally been supposed that the gulf of St. Lawrence and straits of Belle Isle were discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534, but this is not correct. Although Jacques Cartier entered them in 1534, and explored the gulf, still it is evident that the straits and the Labrador coast as far as Old Fort (then called by the Bretons Brest), were well known. Cartier speaks of a large fishery being carried on at Blanc Sablon, and he met near Old Fort a large fishing vessel of La Rochelle. Still Cartier thought at that time that Newfoundland was part of the mainland. He was not aware of the southern entrance to the gulf of St. Lawrence between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. It was only on his return from his second voyage, 1536, that he discovered it. On all the maps extant between Cabot's and Cartier's time there is no hint of a knowledge of this passage, Newfoundland being always represented as a part of the mainland.\* I conclude, then, that Cabot on his first voyage made land somewhere *south* of the straits of Belle Isle, about Bonavista or Cape St. John, and coasted around the eastern and southern shore of the island of Newfoundland, penetrating to the bottom of the vast bays of Notre Dame, Bonavista, Trinity, Conception, St. Mary's, Placentia, and Fortune Bay, Despair, etc., for three hundred leagues, and then returned home.

On the second voyage, however, as he had already scoured the coasts to the southward, he determined to steer more northerly, hence he struck Labrador, near Cape Chidley, and penetrated Hudson bay and Fox inlet, till he reached  $67^{\circ}$ , as before mentioned. Then he turned about and sailed direct for Baccalao (Newfoundland), keeping outside of Belle Isle, and thus missing the straits. Having touched at Baccalao, he steered away for Nova Scotia, southward and westward, towards Florida. It may be said that this opinion of mine supposes a change of course after having sighted Greenland, and that we have no mention of any such change. I fully agree with Mr. Howley in the remarks he makes as to the extent and accuracy of the nautical knowledge displayed by those early navigators, and that "we moderns are in the habit of greatly underestimating their qualifications as navigators." Nevertheless it must be remembered that we have not Cabot's own report of these voyages, and that the only accounts we have of them are from authors who, though contemporaries, are professing to state what they heard from Cabot's own lips, yet not being nautical men themselves, we cannot expect critical exactness from them as to a point, or half or quarter of a point, of the compass. Again, even allowing for the utmost exactness, we know that even in our own

\* Abbé Beaudouin says: "The strait of Belle Isle is marked on the map of Reynel, 1505, and Kunstman 1620;" and Stevens seems to see an indication of it on the map of Juan de la Cosa, 1500.

times a sailing vessel is liable, for many causes, to be carried many, even some hundred miles out of her course in crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. Howley has a closely reasoned argument concerning the exact course taken by Cabot. He first gives the different statements made by various writers, and shows where, according to each one, Cabot ought to have struck land. "Herrera gives latitude  $68^{\circ}$  as the landfall; Eden,  $58^{\circ}$ ; Hackluyt,  $56^{\circ}$ ; Galvano,  $45^{\circ}$ . As to the courses taken, Fabian says north-west; Galvano, west; others, west by north." The point  $68^{\circ}$  north is rejected "because to reach that point he would require to sail around Cape Farewell, in Greenland, then alter his course to something east of north, so as to reach Davis' straits," which, being so unlikely, is declared inadmissible. But according to a principle laid down by Mr. Howley in another part of his article, we must not reject contemporary testimony unless we have some more authentic and undoubted fact to replace it. Now, we have the direct contemporary testimony of Ramusio, who says he has a letter from Cabot, in which he (Cabot) says he sailed as far north as  $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . We cannot reject this testimony, and if it appears inadmissible it is simply because we have not rightly understood it. According to the explanation given by me above, it not only can be admitted, but chimes in most harmoniously with the whole account. This statement of  $68^{\circ}$  refers to the *second* voyage only, and *not* to the landfall, but the turning point of the voyage northwestward, after having left the landfall. With regard to the courses, Mr. Howley says: "Northwest, the course given by Fabian would strike the land just midway between the two points [ $55^{\circ}$  and  $58^{\circ}$ ], or at about  $57^{\circ}$  on the coast of Labrador, allowing, of course, for variation. The course north-northwest would strike Nova Scotia at  $45^{\circ}$  north. A west-by-north course would strike the coast of America at about South Carolina, and a west course would take him to the island of Cuba." These latter courses are consequently rejected as out of the question.

This is only another example of trying to adjust facts to fit a preconceived theory. Raimondo tells us that Cabot sailed towards the west (or the *east*, as he calls it). Now he is a contemporary writer. He relates what he heard from Cabot's own mouth, and he is the *only* writer who mentions the course of the first voyage. Now, although, as I said, we must not pin our faith to him for a point or so of the compass, yet, on the principle mentioned, we cannot reject his authority. I will soon show that there is no occasion to do so. Mr. Howley, though reasoning well, sets out from a wrong starting point. He takes his courses from Bristol or Cape Clear,  $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  north. We know that the starting point should be at St. Kilda's or Rockall,  $58^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$  north. Taking our courses from this point,

we find that the course of Fabian, northwest, instead of striking Labrador at  $57^{\circ}$  north, would strike Greenland at  $63^{\circ}$  north. The course north-northwest, instead of striking the coast of Nova Scotia at the parallel of  $45^{\circ}$ , would strike Labrador at about  $54^{\circ}$  north. A west-by-north course, instead of striking South Carolina, would take him to about the straits of Belle Isle; and finally a *west* course (and this is the *only* one mentioned of the first voyage), instead of bringing him to the island of Cuba, would bring him *exactly* to *Cape Bonavista* (Newfoundland). This is a new and startling revelation in favor of the old tradition.

#### CAPE NORTH.

What has been hitherto written ought to be sufficient to show that Cape North in Cape Breton island (latitude  $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ) could not be the site of Cabot's landfall, yet I think it will be well to show the fallacy of the arguments upon which that theory is built.

The whole foundation of this opinion rests upon a false basis and involves its supporters in palpable difficulties and contradictions at every turn. This foundation is a map discovered only quite recently (1854) in Germany, and now preserved in the imperial library in Paris, and supposed to be the identical one drawn by Sebastian Cabot in 1544. That Cabot did at the time draw a map seems certain from the words of Hackluyt, who in producing in his voyages the map of Clement Adams, speaks of it as "the map of Sebastian Cabot cut by Clement Adams." There is a Latin inscription attached to this engraving of Adams, which bears intrinsic evidence of being composed and added to the map by Adams, who was a schoolmaster; and of not belonging to the original map of Cabot. It speaks of Cabot in the third person and as a stranger: "John Cabot, a Venetian, discovered this land, etc." It is altogether incredible that Sebastian Cabot would mention his father in that way. Copies of this engraving of Adams's were to be seen as late as 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert saw it hanging in the royal gallery at Whitehall; and it was extant when Hackluyt published his *Voyages* (1600). "It is to be seen," he says, "in her majesty's privie gallery at Westminster, and in many other ancient merchants' houses." The Latin inscription on this map of Adams's states that Cabot called the land *terram primum visam*, because, says the author of the inscription, "*I think [credo] being at sea he first cast eyes upon the land.*" This inscription being at the foot of the map does not designate any particular spot as the "land first seen," but it says that "an island which stood out from the land" (*insula quæ ex*

*adverso sita est*) he called St. John, because it was sighted by him (*ei aperta fuit*) on the festival of that saint, June 24, "as I believe" (*opinor*).

The map lately discovered and claimed to be the original of Cabot has the words *terra* (or *tierra*) *prima vista* as designating Cape North in Cape Breton, and an island near at hand marked *Y. S. Juan*, supposed to be the present Prince Edward island, though it has nothing of the shape of that island, nor is it in its proper position.

This supposed map contains also the inscription. I think that ought to be enough to deprive the map of being considered as Cabot's work. Again, if the words *prima vista* were on the original map at Cape North, how came they to be omitted by Adams or by the copyist from whom Adams took his map, if he did not copy from the original? Abbé Baudouin says: "We do not know from whom Adams copied his map. We know of two copies of that of Sebastian; one in the national library of Paris, and one due to *Chythæus* (*variorum in Europa itinerum deliciae* Herborn 1594), but Clement Adams did not copy either of these. We must, therefore, admit a third copy of Sebastian which is not yet discovered." I would like to know if the point of Cape North is marked *Prima Vista* on these known copies, and if not, why not, if it is on the original.

Biddle, a lawyer of Pittsburg, wrote in 1831 a most exhaustive and excellent memoir of Sebastian Cabot. He was the first who attempted to shake the belief in the old tradition of Bonavista as the landfall. In studying the inscription on the map of Adams he noticed the mention of an island called St. John off the coast, and he could find no such island off the coast of Newfoundland near Bonavista. He saw on the said map an island marked St. John in the gulf of St. Lawrence; but he knew that Cabot could not have seen that island on the same day as that on which he sighted land, that is, in the supposition that he sighted land near Bonavista. Neither would the island of St. John as marked (now Prince Edward island) answer the description of "an island off the coast." Moreover, he says, this island was discovered and called St. John long after by Cartier in 1535. He then cast about for further data. "He finds," says Abbé Beaudouin, "on the map of Ortelius, 1570, an island of St. John off the coast of Labrador in latitude 56°. This he supposes to be the landfall." M. l'Abbé here refutes Biddle by saying his whole argument is built on a false basis. In the first place Cartier did not see Prince Edward island at all; it was a cape on the west shore of Newfoundland (now Cape Anguille) which he called St. John. Secondly, the map of Ortelius, which was not drawn from Cabot's but from Mercator's (1569), is his only authority. On



the first point M. l'Abbé is correct, that Cartier did not see Prince Edward island; but, as will appear hereafter, it does not strengthen his own argument. On the second point, however, he is not exact, as the isle of St. John appears on all the maps previous to Ortelius' time.

There can be no doubt that this island was put there to mark what was then believed to be the landfall of Cabot. They placed it in  $56^{\circ}$  because they believed that to be the latitude of the landfall. Such was the general belief some twenty-five or thirty years after Cabot's voyage. There is, as already remarked, no vestige of the southern entrance to the gulf, or of the island of Prince Edward, on any of the maps previous to Cartier's time. But if Biddle had pushed his argument farther he would say there is no island of St. John off the coast of Labrador in latitude  $56^{\circ}$  or  $55^{\circ}$ , nor anywhere off that coast. That is true, but it only tends to confirm my argument that the landfall was a little farther south; namely, on the east coast of Newfoundland. How, then, do I account for the absence of the isle St. John in this place? As follows: In latitude  $50^{\circ}$  on the Newfoundland coast (a little more than one degree north of Bonavista) we have at the present day Capé St. John, off which is a small island called Gull island. It is quite possible that the name of St. John was given to the island by Cabot, and afterward it was transferred to the cape on the mainland. M. l'Abbé Beaudouin himself admits that the word "island" is often given to the mainland, and that of cape to an island. We have many examples of this. Labrador is constantly called an island; in fact, the whole new world was called the new-found isle, and the island of the Bretons is called Cape Breton,\* and the little island of St. Paul's is called by Cartier Cape St. Paul.

L'Abbé Beaudouin justly corrects M. Biddle in regard to Prince Edward island. Biddle says that Cartier discovered and named this island St. John on the 24th of June, 1534. A study of Cartier's voyage, however, shows that it was a part of the Newfoundland coast which Cartier so named. It is shown on some old maps about four leagues northeast from the present Cape Anguille. Biddle relied upon Hackluyt, who speaks of it as the "island called St. John," but it is only another confusion of the words "island" and "cape." As a matter of fact, however, Cartier did not see Prince Edward island; but this fact, instead of helping, only completely breaks down the theory of Cape North as the landfall of Cabot.

Cabot is supposed to have sighted land at Cape North, and at the same time, or shortly after, to have seen this "island off the coast," *insula quæ ex adverso est*, an island just alongside, *en face* or *tout à côté*. Now

\* From a town of that name in the Landes, France.



does Prince Edward island answer to this description? In the first place it is nearly one hundred and fifty miles long, and lies very low. At first sight it would not have been distinguished at all as an island. That fact could not be known without sailing between it and the mainland, through the straits of Northumberland. Much less can it be made to comply with the Latin inscription on Adams's map of "an island off the shore," or right alongside. It cannot be seen at all from Cape North.\* Its nearest point, Cape East, is above seventy miles distant. Again, between Cape North and Prince Edward island arises an immense promontory, forming part of Inverness and Victoria counties of Cape Breton island, a mountain over one thousand feet high. To surmount or circumvent this difficulty M. Beaudouin is obliged to suppose that Cabot made the land for the first time at Cape North, "a little on the west side" *un peu vers l'ouest*, but this involves another difficulty. To arrive at the west coast of this peninsula of Cape Breton, coming as he did from the east, he would be obliged to coast along shore for a whole day without seeing land, across Aspey bay and bay St. Lawrence, to round Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence (with his eyes shut?) and then sail southwestward till he came to Cape Mabou, the nearest point to Prince Edward. But this would require nearly another day, as it is about eighty miles from Cape North; and he would be no better off, for Prince Edward island would be still nearly thirty miles distant, and would not\*be seen at all from the deck of his vessel, and, if seen from the lofty summit of the hills ashore, would only appear as a dark blue outline of land lying low on the distant horizon, but not at all as a small island "just alongside."

The only island near Cape North which would verify the title of "a small island off the shore" is St. Paul's, which Cabot could not have avoided seeing if he came to Cape North, yet there is no sign of it on his supposed map, and it has never been claimed that he saw it, which is strong proof that he never saw Cape North. How or when the island of Prince Edward came to be named St. John, and marked so conspicuously on this map, and placed so far out of its true position in the effort to make it comply with the Latin inscription, is a fact yet to be cleared up.†

M. Beaudouin, in refuting Biddle, rightly says that Cartier never saw the island of Prince Edward, and, consequently, did not name it St. John.

\* I speak from experience, having spent the greater part of a day there last year. There was no glass aboard the ship powerful enough to enable us to descry this island, *tout à côté*, in fact it was far below the horizon.

† It received its present name after the visit of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria), in 1799.

This is true ; but I think it completely demolishes the theory that Cabot saw Prince Edward island from Cape North. Cartier was a most observant navigator and explorer ; his descriptions of harbors, islands, rocks, reefs, etc., are of the minutest and most exact nature. His soundings are so complete and correct that one can trace his course on any modern chart by following the description of his voyages. Yet what do we find ? In the year 1534 he spent three days, June 27, 28, and 29, exploring the Bird Rocks, the Bryon, and the Magdalen islands. These islands are about forty-five miles distant from Prince Edward island ; in other words, a little more than half the distance between Cape North and the said Prince Edward island, and yet he did not see this latter island. As a matter of fact, being so low, it cannot be seen from the Magdalens. What is more, Cartier must have passed much nearer to the western end of Prince Edward island on sailing from the Magdalens to the Miramichi river. He must have been at least within twenty miles of it. And this is also the highest part of the island, yet he did not see it. The reason is because he passed it during the night. He left Bryon or Magdalen on Monday, June 29, and sailed west all day and all night, and on the morning of Tuesday, last day of the month, *Mardi dernier jour du dit mois, sollail à l'est*, he saw the land at mouth of Miramichi river.

Again, in 1536, on his return voyage, he spent from the 21st to the 26th of May in the neighborhood of Bryon and Magdalen islands, and thence he sailed to Cape North, which he explored, together with Cape Lorraine (now Cape St. Lawrence) and St. Paul's island, which he discovered and named, *que nous nommasmes le Cap de Saint Paul* ; in all this time, and traversing back and forth "he never saw the island of Prince Edward." They are the words of the abbé himself : *Je ne vit pas l'île du Prince Eduard*. Yet we are asked to believe that this was an island "just alongside," *tout à côté*, seen by Cabot at the same time that he sighted land.

Finally, it is certain that up to Cartier's time the entrance to the gulf of St. Lawrence by the southeast, between Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and Cape North, in Cape Breton, was unknown. Cartier shrewdly suspected its existence when exploring the Magdalens in 1534. "I am greatly of opinion," he says, "from what I have seen, that there is a passage between the Newfound Land and the land of the Bretons." *Je présume mieulx que aultrement à ce que j'ay veu, qu'il luy aict aucun passaige entre la Terre Neuffue et la terre des Bretons* ; but it was not until he returned from his second voyage, 1536, that he actually discovered it and passed out through it. Now it is impossible to believe that this passage and the whole gulf should have been well known, as Abbé Beaudouin says, to Cabot, and yet

that Cartier should never have heard of it, and that it should not appear on some of the maps prior to Cartier's time. Any person studying the so-called Cabot map of Clement Adams in connection with Cartier's voyages will see that it is compiled chiefly from his description, the only addition being this island of St. John. If Cabot made a map anything like this it must be that he availed himself of the knowledge given to the world by Cartier's voyage. M. Beaudouin denies this and says Cabot could not have learned anything from Cartier, whose voyages were first published by Ramusio in Italian in 1555, or eleven years after the publication of Cabot's map. The argument has no force. We have at present no original French account of Cartier's voyages; Ramusio's is only a translation. The original is now lost, but it does not follow that it was not in existence when Cabot made his map, and that the contents of it were little known to the learned men of the time, such as Cabot. Again, M. Beaudouin says Cabot put on his map only such places as he had himself seen or believed he had seen; and yet we find on this map places and names undoubtedly explored and named by Cartier for the first time, and places which, even according to M. l'Abbé himself, Cabot could not have seen, as, for instance, Brest, Saguenay, Stadacona, Hongedo, and Cape Thiennot. In fact, the river is given almost as far up as Hochelaga or Montreal. Now how could Cabot have seen these places when, even according to M. Beaudouin's theory, he did not penetrate beyond Bic or Trois Pistoles? One difficulty produces another in this theory. We learn from De Ayala that after sighting land Cabot coasted three hundred leagues. L'Abbé Beaudouin shows it was not southward along the coast of America, because Cabot did not take that course till the following summer (1498). He is obliged, therefore, to say that he entered the gulf and coasted around, going out by the straits of Belle Isle. In order to sail three hundred leagues between Prince Edward island and Belle Isle he would have to ascend the river St. Lawrence as far as Trois Pistoles or the river Saguenay. Cabot was in search of the passage to Cathay and Cipango. M. Beaudouin says that, having entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence, it is natural to suppose, in ascending the river as far as Bic, he concluded the passage was not there, seeing the banks of the river began to approach each other.

I think nothing could be more unnatural than to suppose any such thing. On the contrary, he would undoubtedly have concluded that he had for a certainty found the long-looked-for passage, just as Cartier did really think some few years after when he found himself in the same spot, and as he was told by his guides: "Our savages told us that this was the

way, and the commencement of the great gulf of Hochelaga, which goes so far that no man had ever been to the end of it as far as they had ever heard." The river St. Lawrence is at least thirty miles wide at this point mentioned, and if Cabot had gone there I feel confident he would have explored the river as far as Montreal or Hochelaga, as Cartier did.

I will mention one more example of the difficulties caused by this theory, and show how they vanish in view of the truth. M. Beaudouin says: "On the map of Sebastian Cabot we find in the river St. Lawrence a group of islands called *Ys S. Juan* at about  $53^{\circ}$ . This group corresponds to the spot where we place Bic islands or Trois Pistoles. Cabot is the only map-maker who marks the isles of St. John in this place. There is, then, a strong presumption that John Cabot ascended the river as far as Bic or thereabouts, and gave his own name to the isles on the south coast, the terminus or end of his course." Thus far M. Beaudouin. Now let us hear what Jacques Cartier says about those same islands: "On the 24th day of the month (August, 1535), we arrived at a harbor on the south side of the river, nearly eighty leagues from the said seven isles, which is behind three flat islands. The harbor where we anchored, which is on the south side of the river, is a harbor difficult of entry, and of very little value as a harbor." He is describing the isles and harbor of *Bic* most accurately. Now let us mark what follows: "We named these isles the islets of St. John, *Yleaux de Saint Jehan*, because we entered there on the feast of the beheading or decapitation of that saint" (August 29). This seems to me one of the most convincing proofs that this pretended Cabot map was made in pursuance of Cartier's exploration of the gulf, and hence it cannot be of any weight in deciding Cabot's landing place.

As to the two islands which Cabot saw to *starboard* (on his right hand) on returning, and which M. Beaudouin suggests may have been Anticosti and Newfoundland, the statement concerning them is so vague as scarcely to need consideration. They are first mentioned in a very passing way by Pasquaglio. "On his [Cabot's] return," he writes, "he saw two islands to starboard, but he did not land, time being too precious." Next, we find Raimondo Soncini magnifying them into "two isles very large and very fertile," and speaking of them as if they were the sole object and result of the voyage. "After having discovered two isles, . . . he has returned safe." In the supposition that Labrador was the landfall, these isles may have been the two Belle Isles mentioned by Cartier afterward, or the Grois islands (*Iles de Grois*), or the Horse islands (St. Barbes), or any of the isles on the east coast of Newfoundland. In case of Cape St. John or Cape Bonavista being the landfall, these islands may have been St.

Pierre and Miquelon, or Brunette, or the Rameas, or any others, but it is useless with the present data to make any suggestion.

I think we may now safely conclude that this pretended Cabot map is an imposition. It is simply a copy of Clement Adams's map, on which some one inserted at Cape North the words, *terra prima vista*; and it has been done, too, in a very bungling manner. Besides the reasons given in my *Ecclesiastical History*, p. 52, I may add that the words appear in a variety of forms. First in Latin, *terra primum visa*. Then *tierra prima vista*, which is no language at all; then *tierra primum vista*, which is a frightful mixture of Spanish, Latin, and Italian.

M. Beaudouin says: "John Cabot probably called the point of landfall 'first seen' in English; then Sebastian, in making his map of 1544, translated it into Spanish; and, finally, Adams, in engraving the map in 1549, translated it into Latin." To me all this supposition seems far-fetched, unnatural, and altogether unfounded. We have no account of John Cabot's having called the land "first seen," and any one who knows English will at once understand that such an expression is a barbarism; nor is it likely John Cabot, an Italian, would have used such an unmusical and ineuphonious compound. It is far more natural to suppose him to have cried out with joy in his own *dolce favella*, his sweet Italian: "*Oh, Buona Vista!*" "happy sight!" And while there is not at the present day, and never has been, any vestige of such a barbarous name as *first seen* or *prima vista*, we have, as early as 1527, on Majollo's map, the beautiful name *Buonavista*, which is found on all the earliest maps, and survives to-day in Newfoundland as the bay, cape, and settlement of Bonavista. If Cabot did not give this name, who did? and from whom did those early cosmographers learn it?

Again, M. Beaudouin supposes Cabot to have translated the words "first seen" or "land first seen," into Spanish; but such is not the case. On some copies of the map I have seen *terra prima vista*; on others, *tierra prima vista*. But neither of these forms is correct Spanish or Italian. They are an awkward and ungrammatical attempt to translate into Italian or Spanish the English phrase "land first seen."

In the phrase "land first seen" the word *first* is used as an adverb, but the word *prima*, by which it is supposed to be translated, is an adjective only both in Spanish and Italian. Hence the form *terra* or *tierra prima vista* is nonsense. It is equivalent to saying in English "land first sight." The true translation of the English "land first seen" would be, in Italian, *terra primieramente vista*, and in Spanish *tierra primeramente vista*.

I therefore reverse entirely the supposition of M. l'Abbé. I think



that the first indication of this *prima vista* was the Latin inscription on Clement Adams's map of 1549, in which he says: "I believe Cabot called the land *terram primum visam*." Then some person who had a copy of the map, and reading the inscription about the isle of St. John, took the liberty of inserting the words *terra prima vista* near Cape North. Whoever did this had, as we have seen, but a very poor knowledge of Spanish or Italian. I presume it to have been a Frenchman, from the fact that he translates another word of the inscription, *Bacalios*, by the well-known French word *Morue*. Some other person, equally audacious, marked on the map near the same spot (at least on some copies I have seen) an anchor with the figure "1st" in English, the only English word on the map. This supposed Cabot map has on it, then, English, Spanish, Italian, French, and Latin. And this garbled map, lately (1854) discovered somewhere in Germany, is brought forward as the authentic map of Cabot.

In conclusion I still emphasize the proposition that Cabot's first landfall was somewhere on the east coast of Newfoundland, about latitude  $49^{\circ}$  or  $50^{\circ}$ . There exist at the present day on the east coast of Newfoundland a great number of names occurring in the exact order that is given on the earliest maps; as, for example, Labrador, Fortune, Cortereal (Cotterel's island), Fuego (Fogo island), Aves, or Bird island (*Isola degli ucelli*), Bonavista, Bonaventure, Baccalaos (Baccalieu), Bay of Conception, St. Francis, Cape Spear, Fermeuse, Renouse, Cape Race (or De Rasso), St. Mary's, Cape Pine, Bay Désespoir; and after these, coming to the island of Cape Breton, we have St. Paul's, Cape Smoky (*Fumoso*), Cape Breton, etc. As these names occur on those early maps shortly after Cabot's discovery, so do they exist to-day. There is no vestige of *Prima Vista*, no suspicion of a knowledge of the gulf of St. Lawrence, or the island of St. John (Prince Edward island), so that until stronger proof be forthcoming it would be unreasonable, on such a doubtful one as this supposed map of Cabot, to upset the traditions which have been held unbroken for so many centuries, and which are founded on the most authentic records in our possession.

J. F. Howley



## THE SULTAN AND THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION

The great universal expositions have shown in a marked degree the marvelous advances made in civilization and progress, and have been of inestimable value in promoting trade and friendly intercourse between the various countries of the world. Each successive one has had the advantage of improved facilities of transportation through the more general extension of railways and steamships, which has made it possible to bring together the nations in one vast exhibit, and not only to display the productions and industries of remote people, but to introduce the people themselves with their diversified habits, manners, customs, and costumes, so that each country may become acquainted with all the other branches of the great human family.

The selection of Chicago for the coming world's fair has been a happy one. Its beautiful situation on a great inland lake and in the central part of the United States renders it convenient of access for our own citizens, and for foreign visitors as well, who will have the opportunity of observing how extensive and powerful this country actually is, with its unmistakable signs of wealth and prosperity. Chicago long since demonstrated the problem that there was nothing too difficult for her to undertake. Her existence has been a marvel from the beginning, and her rapid growth has furnished one of the most extraordinary chapters in modern history. A well known writer in 1872 remarked: "It appears almost incredible that the site of such a city as Chicago is to-day, should forty years ago have been only a great, reedy, miasmatic marsh on the shore of an inland sea, and that an even dozen of log-cabins gave shelter to less than a hundred fur-dealers. It is but a few years since, tired of the mud and marsh and miasma, she lifted herself to six or eight feet of higher level. I shall never forget my sensations when I first saw large hotels suspended in the air, while new foundations were being laid and new basements built. Now, since bridges have not been found adequate to the demand for travel across the river, highways have been constructed underneath; and to conquer that same river, which was obstinate about discharging its filth into the lake, the lake has not only been turned into the river, but the whole emptied into the gulf of Mexico." A few days later this same author thus chronicled the terrible destruction of Chicago by fire: "Six miles of ruin! Longitudinally seven or eight! The bridges gone, the elevators gone, the

churches gone, the newspaper offices gone, the banks gone, the hotels gone, the great wholesale and retail stores gone, the school buildings gone, miles of handsome dwellings gone, the custom-house gone, the post-office gone, the city hall gone, the gas works gone, the water works gone, and the railroad stations gone! The whole of the great central depot might be carried away in a hand-basket!"

The uprising of Chicago from her ashes was another wonder without parallel in the world's history. With their great structures still smoking, their wealth buried in vaults beneath the ruins, with no assurance as to what measure of indemnity could be expected from insurance companies, the cool, undaunted business men of Chicago planned to rebuild the city and re-establish its commercial supremacy. They never paused to bewail the loss of all their costly buildings. They saw that Chicago's river-harbor remained, which had been dredged and enlarged at enormous expense, that the piers and breakwaters of the city were unharmed; also her light-houses for the security of navigation, her famous tunnel under Lake Michigan competent to supply a city of thrice her recent magnitude with pure water, her expensive system of sewerage, all the grading of her streets, the excavation of her cellars and vaults, her vast cattle-yards and pork-packing establishments, and her commercial connections with every quarter of the earth. The story of their complete success in rebuilding may be read from the length and the breadth of the beautiful city of Chicago to-day.

Such a city could naturally comprehend the immensity of the design necessary for a world's Columbian exposition, and her preparations have been made with care and on a colossal scale. It is not to be merely a gigantic bazaar in honor of the great world discoverer, wherein may be found the rare and curious wares of many countries, nor yet a huge machinery hall for the display of ingenious inventions, nor simply a grand art and educational gallery, although all of these are to be found as details of the grand whole; but the approaching exposition is to be an arena into which will be brought the material elements of the world-important problems of the age. "Never before were the relations of men to men, of nation to nation, of creed to creed, of all the infinitely complex conditions of human society, of such instant and immediate importance." It is thought the exposition will supply the means of scientifically approaching and solving these problems. The entire world is deeply interested in it because of its bearing upon such serious themes, and anxious for the final results. And it becomes doubly significant when we remember that it is the first really international exposition ever held.

Many nations have accepted President Harrison's invitation to participate, France being one of the first to respond with never-failing courtesy and swift, intuitive appreciation of the value of such an exposition. The list of acceptances at present includes France, Great Britain, Germany, Spain, Japan, China, Mexico, Peru, Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Cuba, Guatemala, Jamaica, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, Turkey, Denmark, Russia, Persia, Egypt, Morocco, Brazil, Nicaragua, Hayti, and Ecuador, and notice has been received that they will be handsomely represented. It is thought there will be an interesting exhibit from India, the country for which Columbus was in search when he stumbled upon this continent. The last census, taken early this year, gives India a population of two hundred and eighty-six millions; and with its many nations, castes, creeds, and languages, its hoary civilization and its strange history, an exhibit from that mysterious land would prove a most attractive feature of the Chicago fair.

Special commissioners have quite recently been sent from America to Bombay, for the commendable purpose of working up as extensive a display from India as possible. The idea is to interest the rajahs and other influential people to come over in 1893 and participate in the exposition. Besides, it is hoped to bring over persons representing different types, creeds, and professions, also models of their famous buildings and specimens of their handiwork, with a full line of India's natural products.

The Central and South American countries are also taking great interest in the exposition, and their exhibits are sure to form interesting and picturesque features of the fair, as well as being of vast historic importance. Most of the countries have already appointed commissioners to arrange for the exhibits, and have made liberal appropriations for the erection of buildings and the gathering of curios and other articles typical of their nation. The management will unquestionably be worthy of the exceptional occasion.

To Americans who have visited the Golden Horn the information that his imperial majesty Abdul Hamid II., sultan of the Ottoman empire, has manifested a strong personal interest in the coming Chicago fair, will be a matter of sincere congratulation. Large sums have been appropriated in that country, and, according to telegrams which have appeared in the papers, the sultan, who has always shown a warm friendship for and interest in America, has given orders to send to Chicago a beautiful collection of Oriental industries and art, such as never before left Constantinople, and it is expected that a prominent and desirable position will be assigned for the Turkish exhibit. How interesting it would be if a miniature

Constantinople could be constructed for the occasion, with its superb mosques, minarets, and palaces, the tower at Galata, the ancient walls, the silvery Bosphorus, and the shops kept by Moslems, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Tartars, Circassians, Arabians, and other races over which Abdul Hamid reigns!

It may be interesting to note a few facts regarding the sultan of Turkey that are perhaps not generally known. It has been my good fortune to see him under specially favorable circumstances, and I was impressed with his wonderful keenness of perception, his dignity of carriage, his thoughtful bearing, and kindly expressions. Since he ascended the throne, August 31, 1876, he has displayed all the best qualities of a great and good sovereign. When he was called upon to assume the reins of government it was indeed a dark period of Turkish history. The treasury was bankrupt and emissaries were active in every part of the empire in fomenting discontent and rebellion. He fortunately understood the obstacles before him, and overcame them with such judgment and executive ability as surprised Europe and dumbfounded the czar. Indeed, his astuteness and thorough comprehension of the situation astonished his friends everywhere as well as his enemies. War was declared by Russia in April, 1877, and the gallantry of the Turks in defending their country is a matter of history. On many a hard-fought battle-field they exhibited marvelous bravery. After the congress of Berlin had finally arranged the eastern question, it fell upon Abdul Hamid to restore to his empire the blessings of peace. In performing this task he exercised those admirable qualities that are now so widely recognized, and in pursuance of his plans proved his ability and showed great personal courage. He instituted many reforms, notably in civil and military affairs, and did what he could to encourage and foster foreign commerce and internal trade. He introduced compulsory education for both males and females—the improvement in the condition of Turkish women has been remarkable during his reign. It was evident that he not only had decided views, but the resolution to carry them out. His is the master mind in Turkey, and it is well for the Turks that it is so. He has conscientiously striven to deal justly with his faithful subjects. The population of Turkey consists of so many races and creeds that an absolute monarchy is, evidently, the only form of government practicable. The army has been reorganized, and its present efficiency is the result of the sultan's personal efforts. While at Constantinople I was much struck with the fine appearance and splendid physique of the Turkish army, which now conforms to the German system, the sultan having secured the services of a number of prominent officers

of that nationality. The men are strong, sinewy fellows, and under perfect obedience to their superiors. In their dark blue uniform and fez, for all except the Circassian cavalry wear that as their head covering, they present a most attractive appearance. May the sultan long be spared to continue the good work of elevating and educating his people!

Toward America and Americans the sultan's course has always been friendly, and he is much interested in the progress of a nation whose government is arranged so differently from his own. The United States might be said to be the only genuine friend of Turkey, for the various nations of Europe are more or less directly or indirectly interested in the Bulgarian question, the control of the Balkans, the road to India, or the balance of power. With America all that is wanted is to encourage commerce and good government, and the day, I think, is not far distant when the stars and stripes will be second to none in importance on the waters of the Bosphorus. In matters of trade there are many things we could supply to the Turks, especially labor-saving agricultural machines, small stoves, anthracite coal, domestic utensils which would greatly enhance their comfort of living, light carriages such as are produced only here, all kinds of electrical appliances, naphtha launches, and other important contrivances. We could build their railroads, for the American railway system is well adapted to hot climates, and our immense steamboats would be specially useful on the Bosphorus. In return there are many beautiful Turkish articles that could decorate the thousands of new homes now being built in all directions, from Maine to California and from Mexico to the Canadian frontier. The fine Turkish exhibit promised for the Chicago exposition, together with the sultan's good will toward America and his intense interest in mechanical inventions, fully realizing their importance in the development of his country, point to the opening of a new era of commercial relations between Turkey and the United States.

No individual in Turkey is better informed on the events transpiring in other lands than the sultan. Much of his time is occupied in familiarizing himself in regard to the political aspect of affairs, and he does not neglect reading and studying literature, art, and the various social problems. He is supplied with the current news from England, Austria, Russia, and Germany, as well as that of the political intrigues in Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, which must be known and understood by some important functionary of his government. Everything of consequence throughout Turkey is reported to him, that he may be prepared to formulate his plans and policy. In 1867 he traveled extensively in Europe, visiting Paris, London, Vienna, and other great capitals, and he now constantly refers with



pleasure to the sights he then saw and the places he visited. As the newspapers announce the coming of the emperor of Germany and other potentates to the Chicago exhibition, perhaps the sultan may be persuaded to cross the ocean and visit America in 1893. How interesting it would be for him to extend his travels through our wonderful country, and what an enthusiastic reception he would receive!

The new railway now being constructed to Jerusalem will, by making the journey more rapid and comfortable to that sacred city—sacred to both Moslem and Christian—probably induce many Americans to travel extensively in the Turkish dominions, and the result will be of value to both nations. With what feelings of awe does an American first approach the ancient cities and towns mentioned in the Bible, and if the means of travel were more easy and less fatiguing, how many more pious pilgrims would go to visit the shrines so interesting to all! Our narrow-gauge and bicycle railways, inexpensive and convenient, would be specially adapted as a means of reaching the various points of interest in Palestine and Turkey, where it would be impossible to build the cumbersome European railway. The effect of bringing tourists in great numbers would be the same as has been the case in Switzerland. Fine hotels and good roads would be constructed, and enormous sums of money left annually in the country by tourists. Improvement in the condition of the inhabitants would result, and the immense increase in taxable resources would permit the sultan to enlarge the efficiency of his army and navy, beautify his cities, and perfect systems of drainage for the health and comfort of his subjects. All these changes and many more for the benefit of Turkey may come indirectly from the Chicago exposition. In America the taste for the superb products of the sultan's looms and factories will be stimulated immensely, and rare embroideries, beautiful rugs, carpets, perfumes, antique arms, and bric-à-brac will be sought throughout the country. We could, with our increasing population, take an additional amount of Turkish products, such as currants, raisins, goat-skins, etc., which would bring great profits to the farmers of that country. In the next congress a strong effort will be made to pass an act for the encouragement of trade between the United States and Turkey, and with the cordial relations of the sultan toward this country, we may be assured that this effort will be duly reciprocated on his part. With such a beginning, and with the aid of the exposition at Chicago, in another decade the commercial relations between the two countries will be on quite a different footing, greatly to the advantage of both.

In conclusion, I wish to note in their order a few of the reforms which Abdul Hamid has inaugurated in Turkey. He rescued the finances of



that country from bankruptcy and confusion, and has restored them to a sound footing, putting a stop to dishonesty and speculation in a large degree. He has done all that is possible to encourage liberal education, and has been especially kind to those foreign men of letters with whom he has come in contact. He has taken great interest in rooting out brigandage, and soon, undoubtedly, that disgraceful evil will be totally eradicated. He has encouraged the building of railways, not only in European-Turkey, but also in his Asiatic provinces, and he fully realizes the importance of this means as a civilizing agency. He is not only progressive, but by nature very tolerant, and wishes his Christian subjects to enjoy all the rights and privileges to which they are entitled. With such noble and laudable aims, it would not astonish one to be told that the sultan is personally extremely kind-hearted and liberal, and gives away large sums to the poor and suffering of all religions. In manner he is affable and agreeable, looks you straight in the face with an honest, pleasant, far-seeing countenance, which seems to read your mind at a glance. As an illustration of how humane he is, I may state the fact that he has signed but one death-warrant since his accession.

Abdul Hamid is a serious man. He devotes his time entirely to his duties as a sovereign, caring nothing for frivolity and pleasure. In his private life he is like any other refined gentleman, and understands in a remarkable way the art of making himself beloved by those with whom he comes in contact. All feel his influence, and are instinctively drawn to him. This is not alone on account of his courteous and engaging address, but because of the feeling that he has all those sterling qualities that make a noble man and great ruler. In the course of my wanderings I have had the opportunity of personally seeing and forming an estimate of most of the sovereigns of Europe, and without hesitation, and with perfect trust in the accuracy of my opinion, I can say that no one in my estimation is deserving of higher honor for the good works of his life and reign than the sultan Abdul Hamid II.

*Frederick Eliot Thompson*

## PHILADELPHIA IN 1778, THROUGH FOREIGN EYES.

In the recently translated volume of *Revolutionary Letters*, by William L. Stone, appears the correspondence of a German officer in the British army, who gives his relatives in Europe snatches of description that are curiously entertaining at this stage of the Quaker city's progress. He says: "Up to the present time my experience here makes me well contented. My landlord is an arch rebel, an apothecary, and a native of Nuremburg. He swears that I will have to stay in Philadelphia, and demonstrates to a hair's-breadth that the king is a tyrant. The city is beautiful, the country agreeable, and the inhabitants are good fellows for your money.

We are quietly sitting here and awaiting events. Meanwhile the lovely summer is approaching, which will have the effect, perhaps, of making it pretty hot for both armies. How will you be pleased with the exquisite German in the *State Courier*? Our beloved mother tongue is completely Anglicized in this colony, and will soon be transformed into what may be called 'the Pennsylvania language,' which will be unrecognizable by either Germans or English.

Philadelphia is, in its way, a very pretty city. Ninety-four years ago not a house was to be seen, and now there are between two thousand five hundred and three thousand. Indeed, the fire insurance companies have policies on 1,993. This will give you an idea of the growth of the place. The rectangular streets and the sameness of the houses—which as a rule are but two stories high, though a few are three stories—present a laughable appearance. After we had had possession of the city for four weeks, and when the vessels arrived from New York, everything put on such a bustling air that, as the inhabitants said, one would not have known the city in time of peace. Two out of every three houses contain shops—not shops like those in Hamburg, but similar to those of G—sche. A broad stone placed at the side (front) of the houses makes walking very comfortable, and I must acknowledge that the arrangement of the streets is better than in Göttingen. The gutters do not empty directly upon the stones; consequently in rainy weather, when you need these stones the most, you are not compelled to leave the sidewalks and wade about in the middle of the street. In the summer almost every householder stretches a piece of canvas across two upright poles placed on the street, and thus you are enabled to walk in the shade.

The merchant, or rather the shopkeeper, whose trade formerly was confined within narrow limits, is a laughable creature. He can only be compared with the librarian of a circulating library. For instance, should certain wares be in fashion and have a great sale in England, he will push them in Philadelphia, although he may know nothing about them. Recently, while walking in Second street, I ran across a tobacco dealer who had painted on a swinging sign a German and English inscription. The English one reads as follows: 'Tobacco sold here as good as the best imported,' while the German one reads, 'Tobacco sold here as good as the best of English.' Mechanics and artisans are very scarce. The ablest mechanics are hatters, shoemakers, and tailors. Of artisans, the best, and I may say the only ones, are saddlers and goldsmiths. Workers in ivory, steel, iron, stucco-work, bone, embroidery, silk, gold and silver ware are entirely unknown. All of those articles are sent on here by the English, and in fact whatever they choose to send is welcome.

In connection with all of this I may mention the unbearable self-conceit of the Americans, and especially the Philadelphians, who imagine that no country is more beautiful, fortunate, rich, or prosperous than their own; and this, too, although it is still in its infancy. The reason for this scarcity of mechanics and artisans is easily given. Wages are so high that goods cannot be sold at a price sufficiently remunerative to get back the outlay of money for work performed. A man, for instance, importing goods from England can therefore sell more cheaply than a merchant here manufacturing his own goods. Why workmen's wages are so high can also be explained. Journeymen are difficult to be obtained simply because they can make a more agreeable and easy living by following agriculture. If a man works three hours a day at the latter occupation, he has twenty-one remaining in which he can sleep, yawn, breakfast, promenade, gossip, etc. He cannot, however, lead this blissful life in the workshop. You can therefore judge for yourself what the future of American culture will be. As long as there is enough land to be had, the peasant will not become an artisan."

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND PEACE WITH AMERICA

The French revolution caused disturbances throughout the length and breadth of the new North American republic far reaching in their consequences and not soon to be forgotten. Like a meteor Napoleon Bonaparte came to the front, a young military man who, having been deprived of his command, was so poor that he could not afford to have his boots blacked or wear gloves. The directory sent for him when it saw itself imprisoned in the Louvre by the mob, October 4, 1795, and gave him command of the garrison at Paris. The next day he cleared the streets with grapeshot, pursued the rioters into their hiding-places, disbanded the national guard, disarmed the populace, and ended the French revolution. France and England were then at war, and our six-year-old government did not wish to become involved. But the directory proceeded to turn the American ministers out of France, and enacted laws which made American commerce difficult and dangerous. French naval officers were encouraged to capture and sell American vessels and cargoes, and when special envoys were sent by President Adams to remonstrate they were informed both privately and officially that negotiations for peace must remain in abeyance until money was paid into the French treasury by the Americans. Talleyrand wanted \$250,000 for his private disposal, and the directory must have \$13,000,000; the penalty of refusal to be war. "War be it, then!" exclaimed minister Pinckney. "Millions for defense, sir, but not a cent for tribute."

Preparations were immediately made in the United States for war with France. An army was organized with Washington at its head, the navy was strengthened, and the treaties formerly existing with France were abolished. In the midst of these confusions, news which attracted very slight attention reached America that General Bonaparte had married Josephine, the widow of General Beauharnais, who had been guillotined in the Reign of Terror. It was reported that this youth who had so suddenly distinguished himself in military leadership was only twenty-six years old and his bride thirty-three. Their nuptials were celebrated on the 9th of March, 1796. But in the exciting events of the next two or three years weightier subjects than a French wedding occupied the American mind. France was at war with nearly all the nations of Europe, even invading Egypt, and the campaigns of Bonaparte were the most brilliant

the world ever saw. How helpful the rich and accomplished Josephine was to her ambitious husband, in playing his double part as a revolutionary leader and as a conservative, was learned at a later date. Bonaparte stated it truly when he said: "My marriage brought me into relations with a party which I required for my plan of fusion, which was one of the most important principles of my administration, and one of the most characteristic. Had it not been for my wife I should not have had any easy means of approaching it."

Presently Bonaparte overturned the directory and established a new order of government for France. On the 13th of December, 1799, he was declared first consul, with the whole administration, civil and military, in his hands, and with the power of appointing all public officers and proposing all public measures. One of his first acts was to offer fair terms of peace to the United States, and then to lend his aid in adjusting the complicated affairs between the two nations, so that his offer could be accepted by our government.

The most significant incident in the whole history of Bonaparte was his formal entry into the Tuileries, where Josephine subsequently presided over a gay, elegant, and exceedingly extravagant court. This occurred on the 19th of February, 1800. "On that morning," says Imbert de Saint-Amand, "when Bonaparte woke up in the Luxembourg, he said to his secretary, 'Well, Bourrienne, here's the day when we are going to sleep at the Tuileries. You are very lucky, for you have not got to make a show of yourself; you will go your own way. As for me, I have got to go in the procession. It's a great bore, but we must make a show and impress the people. The directory was too simple, and so was not respected. Simplicity is all very well in the army; but in a large city, in a palace, the head of the government must attract all eyes in every possible way.' Bonaparte's removal to this palace was to show himself as master; for there is a certain relation between men and public buildings. Bonaparte knew from his instinct of power what an influence a name has on the imagination of the masses. Does not the man who installs himself in the abode of kings substitute himself for them? From the moment when the first consul occupies a palace, he will necessarily have a court and courtiers. Etiquette will grow up of itself. The friends of childhood and his college comrades will not dare to be too intimate with the head of the state. Republican simplicity will disappear before the monarchical spirit. The people who are accustomed to live on the favors of princes will be attracted to the Tuileries, as if Bonaparte was a Bourbon.

At one o'clock in the afternoon all Paris was astir; every one wanted to

see the procession from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries. The impressive part was the fineness of the troops—three thousand picked soldiers, all veterans. The dense crowd shouted wildly: 'Long live the first consul! long live Bonaparte!' Everywhere on the way people were saying: 'How young he is! What a fine head! What a fine face! The emperor of Germany gave him those white horses, and he gave him his sabre, too. Do you see Josephine? She has brought him good luck.'

Patriotic joy shone on every countenance. The people—the workmen, the poorer classes—were contented. All the social classes, indeed, were united in one common thought. Windows were bought at high prices from which to view this spectacle, this review which would become a matter of history. Napoleon was not sincere when he told Bourrienne in the morning that he did not care for all this pomp and show. His entrance into the Tuileries would be one of the finest days of his life, full as it was of triumphs. There was a keen joy in hearing the shouts of the populace mingling with those of the troops, and real intoxication of military display in the blare of the trumpets and the roar of the drums. Starting from nothing to be everything—what a dream! And to get to the topmost pinnacle at thirty years of age—what a wonder it is!

The consular guard formed a line on both sides of the entrance into the Tuileries. There was a certain contrast between this imitation of royalty and the inscription which still stood there on the guard-house to the right of the middle grating: 'August 10, 1792, royalty was abolished in France never to reappear.' As they looked at this inscription, many of the soldiers broke out into denunciations of royalty, with no notion that at this moment they were bringing it back. Bonaparte installed himself in the chamber of Louis XIV., the sunlike king; Josephine had the room of Marie Antoinette. Who, a few years earlier, could have foreseen so strange a thing? The next morning, on entering Bonaparte's room, Bourrienne said to him: 'Well, general, here you are at last, without difficulty, with the applause of the people. Do you remember what you said to me two years ago in the rue St. Anne, "*I could make myself king, but it's not yet time*"?' 'Yes, that is true; but do you know we have done a good many things since then? On the whole, I am perfectly satisfied; yesterday went off very well. Do you think all those people who came to toady me are sincere? Of course not; but the joy of the people was genuine. The people are right. And then, you can consult the real thermometer of public opinion. Look at the stocks. So I can let the Jacobins grumble; but they mustn't grumble too loud.' Then the first consul dressed and went to stroll in the gallery of Diana. He passed through the halls, which



were full of memories of the youth of Louis XIV., of the childhood of Louis XV., of the agonies of the martyred king and queen, of the bloody rule of Robespierre. He passed the room where the terrible committee of public safety used to sit, and the one where the rioters put the red cap on the head of Louis XVI., and, deeply impressed, said to Bourrienne: 'Getting into the Tuileries isn't everything; the thing is to stay here. Who is there who hasn't lived in the palace? Thieves and members of the National Convention. Do you see? There's your brother's house. It was from there I saw them besiege the Tuileries and carry the good Louis XVI. away. But don't be uneasy. Let them try it.' The same day Bonaparte had the liberty trees, which had been planted in the courtyard of the Tuileries, cut down. Liberty was itself disappearing, and nothing really takes its place, not even glory."

It is possible to see a sort of monarchical advance from the beginning of the consulate to the establishment of the empire. Every day there was a step backward in habits, fashions, and institutions. The Tuileries grew more and more like a royal palace. The republican phraseology disappeared by official order; the new calendar was never formally abolished, but the old one gradually reappeared. The theatres resumed their former appearance. There was a return to 1788. Dinners, balls, festivals of every sort, supported the shopkeepers of Paris. Bonaparte was more and more convinced that, in spite of the revolution, the French had always remained unchanged; that they liked luxury, titles, show, fine equipages, rich liveries, decorations, and all the trinkets which pamper and tease human vanity.

For the next two years France was undisturbed by wars, many beneficent measures were inaugurated, and the government was administered with vigor, honesty, and order. The treaty of peace between France and the United States was signed on the 30th of September, 1800. It was ratified by President Adams on the 18th of the following February, 1801, and by Bonaparte July 31, 1801. The signature of the latter is one of the interesting features of the autographic collection preserved in the state department at Washington.

*Emmanuel Spencer*

## GOOD THINGS FROM DR. JOHNSON

It has been declared that nothing can be pointed out in all the English language that furnishes more agreeable food for thinking than the sayings of Dr. Johnson. He was in many senses pronounced the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century: the deepest thinker, the most brilliant and powerful writer, and the most noted conversationalist in an age when conversation was an art. It has been said that *Rasselas* and the *Rambler* gave a new turn to the English language; that the letters and the talks of Dr. Johnson discovered new possibilities for the human intellect. Fortunately, little that ever was written, said, or done by this intellectual giant was forgotten or neglected to be set down as in a book. Even his frailties and his foibles, of which he had his human share, were carefully noted and printed. Few acts or words of his ever escaped the public eye.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was the literary dictator of London for thirty years. There was nobody to compete with him; there was nobody to be compared to him; "there was," declared an eminent man of his time, "nobody even to put you in mind of him." So much is this the feeling at the present age, still so much is the record of his life valued, that critics no longer ridicule for his minuteness and complaisance the biographer of Samuel Johnson. Boswell, it is long since concluded, was himself an extraordinary man. He was of good birth, a man of the world, a wit among wits, and of infinite accomplishments. His apparent sycophancy is relieved not only by his ardent appreciation of the greatness of Dr. Johnson, but by the affectionate devotion with which his virtues and friendship inspired him. His book has about it the air of authority; for much of it was approved by Dr. Johnson himself, and parts of it were, to use his own words, "an exact picture of his life." It has been asserted of this book that "it is the richest dictionary of wit and wisdom any language can boast." Voltaire declared that "no man that ever lived deserved a quarto to himself." Boswell, notwithstanding Voltaire, gave Johnson half a dozen quartos, and other writers have given him about as many more. There are many quarries where one may dig out Johnson gold-dust.

There was the elegant Mrs. Thrale, for instance, Johnson's fast friend of many years—a woman of wit, of fascinating manners, and, withal, one of the richest women in London. For twenty years Mrs. Thrale's house,

with all its elegant hospitality, was Johnson's home, and the "conversations" at the Thrale table, with the hundreds of letters to the Thrale family, are reckoned among the literary treasures of the English language. Mrs. Thrale was beautiful, vivacious, and intellectual, and she was not afraid to talk to the great lion, roar howe'er he might. That he did roar at times to the dismay of opponents, when he happened to have the humor of opposition on him, is perfectly authenticated. In fact, he was decidedly fond of controversy; first, for the sake of truth, but also for the sake of argument, when, as the gems of persuasion and eloquence fell in a stream from his lips, his huge body would roll from side to side like a ship in the trough of the sea. His mighty voice and the very "tempestuousness" of his manner aided many a time to carry the day. Other intimate friends besides Boswell who have left records of his life were, Garrick the actor, Goldsmith the writer, Burke the statesman, Reynolds the painter, Langton, Miss Seward, and Lady Knight—each, with strong memory and ready pen, jotting down the "good things" uttered by the "good dear man," as those who loved him called him, spite of his stormy ways. Everybody listened when Johnson talked, for his thoughts were on a grand scale. Even trifles became important when discussed by him, and his commonest conversation was declared by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be worthy of universal attention.

The conversational methods of such a man are worthy of study. Certain requisites, said he, are to be remembered in conversation: "Knowledge, command of words, imagination, presence of mind, and a resolution not to be overcome by failures." These requisites he possessed himself to a remarkable degree. A first rule of his was "to always talk as well as he could, no matter what the company," and, in his own words, "to do this until that which was an effort at first became familiar and easy. I love to see conversation without an effort," he would say. He liked good talkers. Who does not? "Good talkers," he declared, "are welcome everywhere, and noticed. Good talking is the sign of an extraordinary man. You can learn a man's abilities in close conversation." However small the circle, or illiterate, Johnson always talked as if what he said would be written down. "You gain respect," he once maintained, "by talking above rather than below your listeners." Of speeches in public he had a poor opinion. "Public speaking" he once asserted to be "merely a knack." It was a saying of his that "the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impressions." His own conversations, however, were all remembered, and all put down—the good with the bad, the idle with the important—and

the light of the public gaze was turned on him as on no other man before or since.

Dr. Johnson was a great "club" man, and much of his wonderful talking was at the "Ivy Lane Club" in London, of which he was the founder and the bright particular star for nearly forty years. He was also, later in life, a great figure in the London "Literary Club," founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Here, as elsewhere, Johnson talked his best, and possibly finer conversation never was recorded than the weekly combats of the literary gladiators of London in the years just preceding the American Revolution, when Dr. Johnson was at his best. The Ivy Club met in Paternoster row, at a little coffee-house where there was always inexpensive nourishment and fine talking.

Dr. Johnson, besides being a club-man, was a great diner-out. He was always taking dinner somewhere, meeting intellectual and celebrated people. The detailed reports of hundreds of these occasions show that they were in fact feasts of reason at which Johnson was never silent. Like McGregor, where Johnson sat there was the head of the table. No wonder, for he was the colloquial dictator in the metropolis for half a lifetime, and that, too, with such geniuses shining about him as Hume and Burke, Gibbon and Goldsmith, Garrick and Blair, Pope and Sheridan, Chesterfield and Reynolds. What an assemblage of gifted men! His opinions on every conceivable subject had the authority of a master. And his dictum could fairly make or mar the reputation of any ordinary writer in England. "If Johnson is pleased with me," said the poet Cowper, "I shall have on my side one of the best trumpeters in the kingdom. Let him speak favorably of me, and my success will be secured."

"He is a tremendous companion," said Garrick, after meeting the literary giant at a friend's dinner-table. Perhaps he had seen him in one of his boisterous arguments, for all, Garrick included, discovered that the great man was often in the humor of loud opposition. Conversation was forever a contest to his mind—a battle of intellects. It has been said of him that his argumentative sword was always drawn. The source of his power was inexhaustible. As he said of Burke, so was it of himself: "His stream of mind was perpetual." Johnson's immense powers of thought, his majestic voice, his remarkable gesticulations, and his instant repartee, made him simply overwhelming. In great companies most people simply stared at him and listened. It was a bold man who ventured to contradict an assertion of his once squarely pronounced. Johnson was always ready to praise the genius of other men, and he was tremendously susceptible to praise himself. He bore up bravely under

oceans of it from Boswell, and the more important praise of Pope was a life satisfaction to him.

The compliment and the praise of a handsome woman possibly went farther with him than the praise of the ablest critic. His affected forgetfulness of a fine compliment once paid him by a young lady of wit and quality at the table of Sir Alexander Dick is amusing in the extreme. "Tell me, Boswell," he often called out, "what was it that young lady of quality said of me at Sir Alexander Dick's?" He cared for the critics none at all—their praise or their blame. He knew his own powers, and time, that has buried them all out of sight together with so many of his contemporaries, has left his name a monument to the ages. He was a man, not of strong feelings only, but of strong language. If he hated a thing he said so. Hume and the rest of the disbelievers must have felt that. "The character of an infidel," said Johnson, "I consider as more detestable than that of a man notoriously guilty of an atrocious crime." And again: "An infidel would be guilty of any crime if inclined to do it." He hated Sabbath-breakers too, and one of his dying requests to the painter Reynolds was that he would never paint on a Sunday, but read his Bible instead. Sternly religious as his life was, upright and virtuous day by day, it is singular that his great, calm mind had an awful horror of death. "I never had a moment," he once said, "in which death was not terrible to me." Good deeds he felt could make no man easy in the presence of the destroyer. "The better a man is," he would say, "the more afraid is he of death, because he has a clearer view of infinite purity." Yet it was not the fear of ultimate extinction that terrified him with death. He was sure of a hereafter. "Let us live right," he would say, "let us live right, let us pass life well, whatever it be, for there is surely something beyond it." Then again he would say: "Death is natural, after all. There is no use trying to fortify ourselves for the approach of death. It is natural. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time; a man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine; besides, it matters not how a man *dies*, but how he *lives*. The distance between the grave and the remotest part of human longevity is but a very little; and of that little no path is certain. Every man is to take existence on the terms on which it is given him." He continually taught, however, that the very most and best should be gotten out of life while it lasts. He taught that while one should live right in view of a future, "a constant dwelling on the hereafter is not to be allowed. One must not disqualify himself for the duties of this life by perpetual aspirations after the next. Life admits of no delays.

When pleasure can be had it is fit to catch it. Every hour takes away part of the things that please us, and perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased."

"Let us keep our friends," he would say, "especially *old* friends." "We must not imagine that friends obtained by merit, or usefulness, are able to supply the place of old acquaintance with whom the days of youth may be retraced. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost."

Contentment with the world as we find it was a study with Johnson. "If what happens does not make us richer, we must bid it welcome if it makes us wiser. We must make the best of our lot. If all is not well, compare yourself, not with the few that are above you, but with the multitudes which are below you. Try and not grumble at the infirmities of age; it is culpable to murmur at the established order of creation, as it is vain to oppose it. He that lives must grow old, and he that would rather grow old than die, has God to thank for the infirmities of old age." Riches were to his mind seldom a source of happiness. A friend once dilated at length on the beautiful parks, the great mansion, the picturesque surroundings, the abundant wealth possessed by a neighbor, and remarked on the possible happiness of his position. "Sir," said Johnson, "all this excludes but one evil, *poverty*." "However, try and not be poor," he said at another time. "Whatever you have—spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable. What can a poor man do?" was his question. "What evil can he prevent? It is evident that he cannot help the needy, he has nothing to spare. Perhaps his advice or admonition may be useful? His poverty will destroy his influence; many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner."

Like Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson always taught the value of trying to be good. "It is so easy to be good if one really wants to," he would say. "Life is a pill which none of us can swallow without gilding." Johnson was always gilding life's pill for others. He did a thousand noble things for the love of doing, and he gave away nearly all he ever had, so that his teaching was not confined to mere words. His philosophy was not a Sunday garment, but a thing for every-day use. "Getting money," he wrote, "is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life. We are always wanting something. Life at the best is never satisfactory. It is simply a progress from want to want."



Rude and boisterous and contradictory as he was, he had the biggest heart in England. Talent had lasting support from him, and aspiring youth, encouragement. He believed in helping young men. "Such small things do it at times," he would say. "Why, you have heard of the man who asked no other favor of Sir Robert Walpole than that he would simply bow to him at his levee." Johnson's own favors to young men of his day, and to old men too, went farther than bowing.

Though his great nature seemed arrogant at times, no man understood better the uses of true gentility. "The difference," said he, "between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this: one immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. No man can say 'I'll be genteel.' Elegant manners and easiness of behavior are acquired gradually and imperceptibly. There are ten genteel women for one genteel man, because they are more restrained." To be introduced to Dr. Johnson as a man of "gentle manners" was sufficient to insure his favorable reception. "Every man of education," he once asserted, "would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces." Speaking of graces reminds one of that remarkable exponent of good manners, Lord Chesterfield, and what Dr. Johnson thought of him. "He is a statesman, and a wit," said Johnson, "who has been much about the world. His *Letters* with the immorality taken out, would make a pretty book. Chesterfield is the proudest man this day existing. As to his *Letters*, they teach the morals of, and the manners of, a dancing master." Later, Johnson characterized Chesterfield's witty sayings as only puns. "This man, I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords." Again the great sage said, when he was possibly out of temper a little himself, "Chesterfield is dignified, but he is insolent." Of the celebrated Macpherson, who wrote *Ossian*, Dr. Johnson could scarcely say anything bad enough to show all his feelings. When asked if he thought any man living could have written such a book as *Ossian*, he answered, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children. I look upon parts of that book," he went on, "to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with." It was remarked that it was written in six books. "Yes, sir," cried Johnson, "and ascribed to a time when the Highlanders knew nothing of books, and nothing of *sir*." Johnson had studied the *Ossian* dispute at its original sources, and believed every line of the book a humbug. He at all times, however, had little praise for Scotch learning. "Knowledge," said he, "is divided among the Scots like bread in a besieged town: to every man a mouthful, to no man a bellyful."

Dr. Johnson and Garrick were club friends, and though he said a few

very fine things in Garrick's praise, he said many more sharp things to his prejudice, and still more to the prejudice of his profession. He was himself much about theatres at one period of his life, but his experiences, and observation of the green-room, turned him bitterly against the whole business. "These players, sir," said he to Garrick, "have got a kind of rant with which they run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis. The action of all players in tragedy," he continued, "is bad. It should be a main study to repress those signs of emotion and passion as they are called. Sir, I look on all these players as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools to make faces and produce laughter like dancing dogs." Another time he maintained "that Garrick could represent all modes of life but that of an easy, fine-bred gentleman." His criticisms, however, of men and things were never malicious. He believed that "criticism and opposition to public men, and especially to writers, was healthful: it did them good." "It is advantageous to an author," he claimed, "that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up it must be struck at both ends."

Dr. Johnson was a tremendous and life-long devourer of good books, and had his own ideas as to reading them. With a poor book he was soon done. He read when and where he felt like it, and was as liable to commence in the middle or at the end as at the beginning. "A man," said he, "must read only what his inclination prompts him to. What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed by what we read. Read only when you have a desire for instruction; what you read then you will *remember*." "Every one," continued he, "should have a good book constantly by him, or in his pocket to read at by-times." It was by that means, he declared to a youth once, that all his own knowledge was gained, "excepting what he had picked up running about the world, with his wits ready to observe, and his tongue ready to talk."

Dr. Johnson's opinion of many of the literary worthies of England was eagerly sought for. And his *Lives of the Poets* became one of the great books of the time. Many of the critics pronounced it the greatest work of his life. Such universal knowledge of polite literature had never before been displayed, and, in the minds of many, such fair criticism had never before been written. As to Milton, his politics made Johnson hate him, and it possibly made it hard to do him justice. "Milton's *Comus*" said he, "is like gold hid under a rock." Again, "had he not written *Paradise*

*Lost*, he would only have ranked among the minor poets. Milton was a Phidias that cut a Colossus out of a rock, but could not cut heads out of cherry-stones." This was said because of Milton's poor sonnets. He said of Homer, incidentally, "that the source of everything in or out of nature that can serve the purpose of poetry is to be found in him"; and of Virgil, speaking of his invention, "take from him what is Homer's, and what do you leave him?" Johnson was said to be the first English critic who had ever written anything of Shakspeare but praise; and Dr. Adam Smith pronounced the preface to Shakspeare by Johnson to be "the most manly piece of criticism ever written." It closes with these words: "The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare."

Dr. Johnson pronounced a singular opinion upon the poet Gray. He did not think him a great poet, certainly, "he has not a bold imagination," he declared, "nor much command of words. He is a dull fellow, dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere, dull in a new way, and that made people think him great." His odes he pronounced but "forced plants, raised in a hot-house—poor plants, and but cucumbers after all." Even the immortal "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" did not wholly meet the sage's approbation. It contained "the only two good stanzas," he said, "Gray ever wrote. Yet," he added, "had Gray written often like that, it would have been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." For the genius of Alexander Pope, Johnson scarcely found fitting words in the English language. "Sir," said he once, "a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope." For the genius of Goldsmith he had unbounded admiration. "He was a man, sir, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do." And again he said: "There has not been so fine a poem as Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' since the time of Pope." Just as his opinion was of most writers of his century, he conceded to few, indeed to none, any great degree of originality. "There is scarcely any originality," he would maintain. "The same images, with very little variation, have furnished all the authors who have ever written." "Modern writers," he said on another occasion, "are the moons of literature: they shine with reflected light, with light borrowed from the ancients." There was too much printing, and there were too many books, he contended. "So much printing is prejudicial to good literature," he would say, "for the reason that it obliges us to read so much of what is inferior value, to be in the fashion."

The only books Dr. Johnson ever wished longer were *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. *Don Quixote* he regarded the best story in the world after Homer's *Iliad*.

City life was Dr. Johnson's passion. He always lived in town, and he regarded London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety. To his mind that city was the fountain of all the intelligence of his day. It was the only city—there was no other to him. Rome was but a ruin, and Paris was incommodious and mean. "Nothing cures a man's vanity or arrogance," he would say, "like living in London"; his idea being that, coming in contact with so many of one's equals and superiors, must partially cure a man of his conceit. It was seldom he traveled away from the metropolis. In fact, he saw few uses in travel. "One town, one country," said he, "is very like another. Civilized nations have the same customs, and barbarous nations have the same nature. Of the differences that exist in detail the dull traveler utterly neglects, the acute sees a little and supplies the rest with fancy." He agreed with the Italian who observed "that every man desires to see that of which he has read, but no man desires to read an account of what he has seen, so much does description fall short of reality."

The great doctor had the utmost regard for exact truth in little things as well as in great, on all occasions, cost what it might. He would not even permit his servant to say he was "not at home," when he really was. "If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself?" It was once jestingly proposed that the company present should believe, say, only one-half of what a certain garrulous and unreliable gentleman had related. "Aye, aye," answered the sage, "but *which* half?" "It is more from carelessness about truth," said he, "than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world." He had the highest appreciation of humor, and not seldom indulged in it himself. Once he was asked his opinion of a certain poem and its author. "Sir," said he, "I never did that man an injury, and yet he would read his tragedy to me." Some young larks, friends of his, who were with him at a party once, rallied him on his silence. "Cheer up, old gentleman," said one of them, laughing; "don't be so glum, be a little gay and lively like us. Now, what would you give to be as young and sprightly as I am?" "Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I think I would almost be content to be as *foolish*."

But then what beautiful compliments he could pay, and how readily, as, for instance, his remark to the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons. She called on Dr. Johnson, and the servant not immediately finding a chair

for her, the old philosopher said: "You see, madam, wherever *you* go there are no *seats* to be got." Yet compliments without point, or in any way exaggerated, he did not like, for, said he, "they embarrass the stupid, and the wise know them to be hypocritical. And as to flattery, he that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself." He often said: "It is best not to be angry, and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contest who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time." Dr. Johnson was a tory: he hated America and Americans in his time, as well as popular government. Speaking of Americans, in a violent mood, once, he cried, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging." It sounds laughable to us in these times, but the eccentricity is no greater than his senseless remark, that "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel," and only proved how even great minds sometimes lose their balance and become blind to certain features of justice. He was the author of *Taxation no Tyranny*, a reply to the American congress. It must have required some courage to say all the ugly things he did of America, for he was severely taken to task for it by eminent men of his day. But courage he possessed, and he reckoned it, in his own words, "the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other." Johnson tried to be a consistent and a candid man. "I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest," he declared, "and people are apt to believe me serious. At seventy I am more candid than when I was younger. As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a *good* man upon much easier terms than I was formerly."

Dr. Johnson lived a long and active life. He respected labor, and even in literature believed, with Scott, that pounds and guineas should be considered its first reward. "No man but a blockhead," said he, "ever writes except for money." He got a hundred guineas down and more in prospect for his *Lives of the Poets*, yet his famous poem of *London* brought him but fifty dollars. His *Conversations* and *Letters* became as renowned as his books, and brought him no money at all. Yet Boswell's book reporting these conversations was declared by Burke to be "a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together."

*B H M. Byers.*



## MINOR TOPICS

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

#### HIS MATERNAL ANCESTRY

It is a pleasure to the many admirers of James Russell Lowell in Portsmouth to know that several generations of the maternal ancestors of this eminent poet, essayist, and statesman, whose recent death (August 12, 1891, in Cambridge, Massachusetts) is mourned wherever the English language is spoken, resided on the banks of the Piscataqua, and that he and all of his father's family always had a strong interest in the Portsmouth stock from which they sprung. This was shown only a few months since by the kindly and generous gifts of Mr. Lowell, and of his sister and niece Mrs. and Miss Putnam, in aid of the fund for the oil portraits of General William Whipple and Admiral David G. Farragut, soon to be presented to the Portsmouth schools bearing those names, by Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R., of this city.

James Russell Lowell, born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, son of Rev. Charles and Harriet (Spence) Lowell, was grandson of Keith and Mary (Trail) Spence of Portsmouth, and great-grandson of Robert and Mary (Whipple) Trail, also of Portsmouth. Robert Trail, born in the Orkney islands, was a distinguished merchant of Portsmouth, comptroller of the port until the Revolution, and afterward collector of the island of Bermuda. He resided in the house then and now standing at the southwest corner of State and Fleet streets. Mrs. Trail survived her husband, and died October 3, 1791, aged sixty-one years. Their only daughter Mary married Keith Spence, a merchant from Scotland, who settled in Portsmouth, 1800-1805, whom she survived, and died January 10, 1824, aged sixty-nine. Mr. Lowell's great-grandmother, Mary (Whipple) Trail, was a daughter of Captain William Whipple, senior, and Mary (Cutt) Whipple. The latter died February 24, 1783, aged eighty-four, and the ashes of Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Trail, and Mrs. Spence, three direct ancestors of Mr. Lowell, rest in the north cemetery, Portsmouth, where their stones may be seen on the rising ground near the centre of the cemetery, close to the stone of their distinguished son, brother, and uncle, General William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Captain William Whipple, senior, resided in the "Whipple Garrison House" in Kittery, Maine, previously the home of Robert Cutt, second, where Harrison J. Philbrick now lives, and died August 7, 1751, aged fifty-six. Captain Whipple's stone and those of Robert Cutt, second, who died September 24, 1735, aged sixty-nine, and of Dorcas (Hammond) Cutt, who died November 17, 1757, aged eighty-



three, his wife's father and mother, are yet standing in the cemetery near the Champernowne Hotel in Kittery, so that a pilgrimage to the graves of these four generations of Mr. Lowell's ancestors may and doubtless will be often made in the coming years by those residents in and visitors to our city, who enjoy the writings and rejoice in the fame of this distinguished son of Portsmouth.

Captain William Whipple, senior (Matthew, John, Matthew), was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, whither his great-grandfather, Matthew Whipple, came from Essex, England, in or before 1638, and the Whipples were Ipswich people, as related more at length in the biographical notice of General William Whipple in the appendix to the "Presentation of Flags to the Schools of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, October 9, 1890." Robert Cutt, second, however, was of this locality, son of Robert Cutt, first, who was a brother of John Cutt, president of New Hampshire, 1679, who with their brother Richard Cutt came to this vicinity previous to 1646 from Wales, as related, with much other information as to the Cutt family, in the *Rambles about Portsmouth*. Robert Trail Spence, appointed midshipman, U. S. N., May 15, 1800, who distinguished himself in the attack on Tripoli, August 7, 1804, as related in *Cooper's Naval History*, and who died a captain, September 26, 1826, was a brother of Mr. Lowell's mother. Madam Elizabeth (Cutt) Lowell, whose stone stands in the north cemetery near that of General Whipple, was the general's aunt, his mother's sister, and the daughter of Robert and Dorcas (Hammond) Cutt. She was "born March 20, 1710" (or perhaps earlier), and married, first, Rev. Joseph Whipple of Hampton Falls, brother of Captain William Whipple, senior, and second, Rev. John Lowell of Newburyport, Massachusetts, whom she also survived, and "died September 22, 1805, aged ninety-seven," as stated on her gravestone. She left no descendants.

Rev. John Lowell, minister of Newburyport, Massachusetts, 1726-1767, who died in 1767, aged sixty-three (a descendant of Percival Lowell of Bristol, England, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, and died there in 1665), was father of Judge John Lowell, 1743-1802, grandfather of Rev. Charles Lowell, 1782-1861, and great-grandfather of James Russell Lowell, who by his great-grandfather's second marriage with Elizabeth (Cutt) Whipple, was thus again connected with, though not in a second line descended from, Robert Cutt, second, and Dorcas (Hammond) Cutt of Kittery. Dorcas (Hammond) Cutt was daughter of Major Joseph Hammond, whose father, having been an adherent of Oliver Cromwell, left England on the death of the Protector, came to this country and settled at Kittery, where he married — Frost, whose father had left England before, being an adherent of Charles the 1st.

Further information of the maternal ancestors of Mr. Lowell will doubtless be found in the *Cutts Genealogy* soon to be published by Cecil Hampden Cutts Howard of Brooklyn.

JOSEPH FOSTER

## LYMAN C. DRAPER OF WISCONSIN, 1815-1891

"It is doubtful if any citizen of Wisconsin," says the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "has rendered the state greater service than Lyman C. Draper; nor is it the state alone which has been benefited by his work—the whole country shares in the result of his labors." Dr. Draper took up his residence in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1853, and in connection with his duties as corresponding secretary of the Historical Society of that state was instrumental in securing for it a library of 116,000 volumes, besides valuable antiquarian collections.

"It is true," says the writer in the *Sentinel*, "that the state has dealt liberally with the library, but the circumstance is chiefly due to the unremitting efforts of Dr. Draper, who never wearied in pressing its claims to a generous support upon the attention of legislators and public men. He was for a long series of years its chief promoter. He was indefatigable in corresponding with every person within or without the state whom he might hope to interest in the library. A large part of its collections came from the contributions of individuals as the result of his promptings. While his specialty was western local history, everything in the form of a book or pamphlet was welcomed by Dr. Draper. At the same time he was urgent in the collection of manuscript documents, old letters, and written narratives by pioneers in different parts of the West. The importance of newspaper files as materials for the future historian was not lost sight of, and the state historical library contains one of the largest and most valuable collections of this kind to be found in the country.

The special field of Dr. Draper was as a collector. He cherished the purpose of writing a series of biographies of early western men, and various historical monographs, but the only original work of importance published by him was his monograph on the battle of King's Mountain. It was in the collecting of materials for others' use that he found his proper work. It is not likely that he would have attained high rank as a writer. He did not possess the art of grouping facts and marshaling them in picturesque form. His books, if written, would have been consulted by other writers, but would hardly have attained popularity with the average reader. Not the less, his name will be cherished among those who have done faithful and valuable service for American historical literature. He lived to see his great work, that of establishing the historical library upon a secure foundation, assured; to see its value recognized by the people of the state and the country, and to choose as his successor a gentleman with tastes and enthusiasms like his own, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, who worthily continues the labors which Dr. Draper began and so successfully prosecuted."

## NOTES

THE FIRST PRINTING-PRESS—"Mexico was the first city on the continent to own a printing-press and to publish a book," writes Hubert Howe Bancroft in his *History of the Pacific States*, "a claim that adds not a little to the prestige of the Aztec capital. The printing-press came out with Viceroy Mendoza, who arrived in October, 1535, and appears to have been in charge of Juan Pablos from Lombardy, acting for Juan Cromberger, the owner of a printing house at Seville. Cromberger died in 1540, and although permission was granted for the widow and children to continue his business, Pablos must have bought their interest, for after 1544 he obtained royal permission to carry on printing exclusively for a term of years." The first book printed was the *Escala*, 1536, which no longer exists. The work had been originally written in Greek by San Juan Climacus the hermit.

BUST OF HORATIO SEYMOUR—At the annual meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association, held in Saratoga on the 11th of August, 1891, the secretary, William M. Stone, on behalf of the donor, Hon. John H. Starin, presented to that body a bronze bust of the late Governor Seymour, its former president. Mr. Stone paid an eloquent tribute to the subject, saying: "As one of the original incorporators, and for many years vice-president and president of this association, his connection with it was not merely nominal or confined to verbal platitudes expressive of general interest in its wel-

fare. From the very beginning his efforts were most assiduously devoted, both by his pen and on the platform, to creating a public spirit in favor of the objects of the association. He delivered, it will be remembered, one of the chief orations at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument, and contributed most liberally not only toward the expenses of that celebration, but to everything designed to further our success. When he became too feeble to act longer as our president, he summoned me from New York to his bedside and stated that he had requested my personal presence chiefly to beg of the association that John H. Starin should be tendered the position of president made vacant by his resignation. This, he urged, should be done not only in recognition of Mr. Starin's successful efforts in procuring from congress the \$30,000 appropriation by which the idea of a monument had been crystallized into a hard and solid fact, but because he thought that the interests of the association could not be confided to worthier or abler hands. He said: 'The election of Mr. Starin, descended as he is from an old Revolutionary family in the Mohawk valley, nearly all of whom suffered for their patriotism in their persons and fortunes during St. Leger's raid, would be eminently fitting, besides being a worthy tribute to a most patriotic man.' " In closing Mr. Stone said: "This gift—so long as bronze endures—shall perpetuate the generosity and high patriotic spirit of two noble men; and as future visitors to the

monument shall read the name on this bronze tribute, so shall they, perchance, recall the words of Cicero, uttered on a somewhat similar occasion: 'His Ipsis Legendis, Redeo in Memoriam Mortuorum.'

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JOHN A. MACDONALD—The *Times-Democrat* relates the following authentic anecdote of Sir John A. Macdonald:

Lord Dufferin delivered an address before the Greek class of the McGill University a year or two ago, about which a reporter wrote: "His lordship spoke to the class in the purest ancient Greek without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good heavens!" remarked Sir Hector Langevin to Sir John, "how did the reporter know that?" "I told him," was the conservative statesman's answer. "But you don't know Greek." "True, but I know a little about politics."

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BEAU NASH—Nash had no faith in doctors. Dr. Cheney, a man much in vogue then in Bath, was a friend of his, and on one occasion, after prescribing for him, called to see how Nash was progressing. To his surprise he found his patient up and well, and asked him if he had followed his prescription. "Followed your prescription!" cried Nash. "No; egad, if I had I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of two pair of stairs window!"

Dr. Cheney tried to induce Nash to become a vegetarian, but the idea was not palatable in any form, and disagreed most of all with the Beau's religious

views. "I swear, Cheney!" he would exclaim, "it is your design to send half the world grazing like Nebuchadnezzar." Upon which Dr. Cheney would retort that "Nebuchadnezzar was never such an infidel as Nash."

In his desire to be thought a wit Nash was sometimes brutal in his jokes, and on one occasion received a smart reprimand. He was walking in the grove when he met two ladies, one of whom was deformed. Addressing her he asked where she had come from. "Straight from London," was the reply.

"Confound me, madam," he said, "then you must have been — warped by the way." The lady said nothing at the time to so unfeeling and ill-timed a pleasantry, but it rankled. A few days after Nash joined her as she was sitting in the rooms, and asked her, with a sneer and a bow, if she knew her catechism and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. "His name, sir, was Nash, and an impudent dog he was!" — *Murray's Magazine*.

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LORD CORNWALLIS AND HIS WIFE—Earl Cornwallis was considered in England an able but unfortunate general in his American campaign during the Revolution. At the close of that war he went to the East Indies, where he displayed great ability and met with success. His wife was averse to her husband's long absences, and in secret pined away, the cause of which having become known to the king he kept the earl nearer home; but the great influence of the earl at court enabled him to discover the reason for it, whereupon he plunged deeper than

ever into military affairs. His wife grew more sad, and finally died.

MURRAY EDWARD POOLE

LIFE OF BOSWELL—The assiduous biographer of Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, would certainly approve of the

devotion of his own biographer, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has written a full and most entertaining *Life of James Boswell*, which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Fitzgerald has made a book full of interesting anecdotes, and readable throughout.

### QUERIES

GAMALIEL HUNT—Can some reader of your magazine give me information in regard to Gamaliel Hunt, said to have been born about 1733, and lived in Connecticut? It is thought he was surgeon in the American army during the Revolution.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

HUNT

REGIMENTAL STANDARDS—Can any of your readers furnish information concerning the regimental standards captured from the British in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812, and what disposition was made of the same? For example, we are told that twenty-eight standards were surrendered at Yorktown, ten British and eighteen German. Two of these were given to Washington by a resolution of congress; what became of the rest? I believe no flags were surrendered by General Burgoyne at Saratoga, that officer having declared

to General Gates, on *his honor*, that his regimental colors were left in Canada, though we know now that in this he must have prevaricated, according to the testimony of the Baroness Riedesel, who had the Hessian flags hidden under her bed. Lossing gives a drawing of one or two that are now I believe in the United States Military Academy, having been given to that institution by Mr. Custis, General Washington's step-son. We seem to have no knowledge of regimental colors that have come down to us from the war of 1812, though some, if only a few, must have been captured both at New Orleans and on the Northern frontier. I hope that some light may be thrown on this very interesting subject by your intelligent readers. Lossing says but little about it, though usually very full on all such points.

DAVID FITZGERALD

WAR DEPARTMENT LIBRARY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

### REPLIES

WEST, LORD DE LA WARR [xxvi. 74]  
—John West, Lord de la Warr, was appointed governor of New York and New Jersey in the summer of 1737. On June 20 of that year the Duke of Newcastle

notified the Lords of Trade that West had been appointed, and requested that his commission and instruction be made out (*Documents Relat. to the Col. Hist. of N. Y.*, vol. 6, p. 96). The blank form

of the commission, etc., was returned by the Lords of Trade, June 30 (pp. 97 and 98). The appointment may possibly have been made public July 2. but the commission was signed August 15, 1737 (*N. Y. Book of Commissions*, vol. 4).

West expected to start at once for America (*Documents Relat.*, etc., vol. 6, p. 97), but it is safe to say that he did not go, for the following reasons: (1) All the documents of New York colony for that period were signed, and all official acts performed, by Lieutenant-Governor Clark. There are many documents extant signed by him, none I believe signed by Delaware. (2) Lord Delaware appears constantly in the parliamentary debates of that time. (3) In September of the same year he was appointed colonel and captain of the first troop of life guard (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737, p. 574).

It has been said that he resigned his commission as governor to assume this last-named office. Whether this is so or not, he was relieved of the New Jersey government in March, 1738 (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1738, p. 165), but was nominal governor of New York until Governor Clinton's appointment in 1741 (*Documents Relat.*, etc., vol. 6, p. 189). *Gentle-*

*man's Magazine* states that he was in February, 1837 (p. 125), made governor of Virginia, and reiterates the statement later (1747, p. 617). He certainly did not go to Virginia, and the generally accepted data of Virginia make the statement very singular.

J. A. BLAISDELL

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S DESCENDANTS [xxvi. 73]—In reply to the old query, Was James Claypole, merchant, of Philadelphia, who died in 1687, a grandson of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell? On page 161 of *Americans of Royal Descent*, 2d edition, it is clearly stated that he was a brother of John Claypole who married Elizabeth, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell. This book gives a very full account of his (James') ancestry and descendants in the male and female lines. John and Elizabeth (Cromwell) Claypole had only three sons, whose issue died young. Any standard English book of pedigrees tells this. When I hear any one say the Philadelphia Claypoles were descendants of Oliver Cromwell, I smile. Historicus may be assured the statement is untrue. H. M.

CAMDEN, N. J.



## BOOK NOTICES

LETTERS OF THE BRUNSWICK AND HESSIAN OFFICERS DURING THE REVOLUTION. Translated by WILLIAM L. STONE. Square 8vo, pp. 258. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons. 1891.

The interesting correspondence contained in this work has been hitherto little known in America. The translator informs us in his preface that a monthly magazine was established in Germany in 1776 called *Schlözer's Letter Exchange*, which was well sustained and continued until 1782. Its principal object was the publication of private letters written by German officers engaged in the British service in America to their relatives and friends at home. The publication was founded by Professor August Ludwig Schlözer, of the university of Göttingen, a sketch of whose life forms the opening pages of the volume before us. The letters were written from different points in this country, and discussed a variety of subjects of historic importance. The original work has long been out of print, and is now seldom if ever met with either in Europe or America. Thus the translation of its contents, which has here been exceedingly well done, will be cordially appreciated. The book contains a number of letters relating to the "convention troops" and their march from Saratoga through New England to Cambridge, which is said to be the best account extant. One letter from New England describes the costumes and general appearance of the continentals and militia. There are letters from New York, Long Island, Philadelphia, and from Rhode Island; and one from Baron Steuben on his first arrival in America, giving among other descriptions a detailed account of his reception by the authorities at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and by General Washington. He says: "What a beautiful, what a happy country this is! Without kings, without prelates, without blood-sucking farmer-generals, and without idle barons! Here everybody is prosperous. Indeed, I should become too prolix were I to give you an account of the prosperity and happiness of these people. The account of them by Abbé Reynal is not entirely accurate, but it is the best. While here we are in a republic, and Mr. Baron does not count a farthing more than Mister Jacob or Mister Peter. Indeed, German and French noses can hardly accustom themselves to such a state of things. Our general of artillery, for instance, was a bookbinder in Boston. He is a worthy man, thoroughly understands his trade, and fills his present position with much credit. Baron von Kalbe and myself are now the only foreign generals in the

United States service; and Kalbe, who has an income of over 30,000 livres in France, will resign at the end of this campaign."

ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM. By KATE SANBORN. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

The author of this little volume has recorded some very unique experiences in the way of farming. She was "weary of boarding at sea-shore and mountain, tired of traveling in search of comfort, hating hotel life," and therefore took a railway train for the country, and rented an abandoned farm in New England, at the very low price of forty dollars a year. She tells in a sprightly manner the story of her life in the country, how she attended country auctions to furnish her house, bought chickens which would not thrive and ducks which did not lay, because, as she learned, "They were too old to live, and most of them were drakes;" how she bought a melancholy horse, and learned the lesson that "horses have just as many disagreeable traits, just as much individuality in their badness, as human beings;" and how she finally decided not to raise her own potatoes, but to buy them, as it was cheaper. As to the main object of the experiment, rest and recreation, Miss Sanborn was happily more successful. "From invalidism to health, from mental depression to exuberant spirits, that is the blessed record of two years of amateur farming."

THE AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS AND ITS EDITORS. By IRVINE GARLAND PENN. With over one hundred portraits. 8vo, pp. 565. Springfield, Massachusetts: Willey & Co. 1891.

Mr. Penn has been assisted in the preparation of this volume by contributions from Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, T. Thomas Fortune, and many other leading Afro-American writers. He has produced a valuable history, worthy of consideration by all who are interested in the progress of the colored race in America, and this ought to include every patriotic citizen of the republic. Afro-American journalism dates from March 30, 1827, when appeared in New York city the first number of *Freedom's Journal*, John B. Russwurm, editor. Its aim was to awaken interest in the abolition of slavery. The author of this volume says it "met with more and greater obstacles than any other paper ever published upon this continent. Besides having to fight for a cause which then

had few advocates, it could see in the popular mind no indication of support. The abolitionists numbered no great throng. Mr. Russwurm had a most excellent estimate of how an Afro-American journal should be conducted, particularly at that time. There are few men who have lived who know more about the business, or whose editorial pen could battle with such force against a volcano like unto that of American slavery. It devolved upon him and his journal to create sentiment, and to prove the interest which the free Afro-American of the north had in his oppressed brethren in the south." After a valiant struggle of three years the *Journal* was compelled to suspend, meantime changing its name to *The Rights of All*. Seven years elapsed before the founding of another Afro-American journal, *The Weekly Advocate*, edited by Rev. Samuel E. Cornish; the proprietor was Philip A. Bell. From this date forward the colored race have been for no length of time without one or more ably edited organs. In 1870 there were ten journals published by Afro-Americans in the United States; in 1880 the list had grown to thirty journals of prominence, besides several local publications. For the next decade there was a gain of five hundred per cent., there being in 1890 one hundred and fifty-four journals, distributed over twenty-four states. Texas leading with sixteen of the number. This plainly marks the rapid intellectual development of the Afro-American. The obstacles to his progress are not all removed, especially for the Afro-American publisher of a daily paper, as Mr. Penn tells us that "the prejudices existing prevent his connection with any united or associated press organization, which debars him from receiving telegraphic communications at the cheap rates accorded to the members of such a body." The book abounds in useful information, it gives evidence of painstaking research, and it is written in a dignified and pleasing style.

#### HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF OHIO.

An Encyclopedia of the State. In three volumes. The Ohio Centennial Edition, contrasting the Ohio of 1846 with 1886-1888. By HENRY HOWE, LL.D. Vols. II. and III. With about 700 engravings. 8vo, pp. 634, 612. Columbus, Ohio: Henry Howe & Son. 1891.

It is well known that Henry Howe's first work on Ohio, a volume of some six hundred pages, was published *forty-three years* ago. Even before then the learned author had been concerned

in the production of valuable historical collections of six other states, work which had been accomplished through traveling under many difficulties, on horseback, from one point to another for exact information. Ohio was comparatively a new country, only forty-five years old, when Mr. Howe first explored its broad territory. What the state is now, at the age of eighty-nine years, the present monumental volumes illustrate. The plan of this later work was for two volumes of about seven hundred pages each, but it expanded, as the process of compilation went on, into three volumes, the last two for convenience now being bound into one, which contains nearly twice as many pictures as was originally contemplated. The life and annals of Ohio are in these pages unfolded in a sort of panorama. Counties, cities, and towns pass successively before the eye, and all along the way Ohio's great characters are introduced—generals, jurists, orators, lawyers, ministers, journalists, and teachers, while sketches of historic homes are not infrequent. Of the Cary homestead the author says: "The old gray farm-house" is still standing, in a thick grove about one hundred feet back from the road, on the Hamilton pike, just beyond the beautiful suburb of College Hill. The sisters were born in a humble house of logs and boards on a site about a hundred yards north of it." We find in the volume a description of the birthplace of General G. A. Custer, reminiscences of Edwin M. Stanton, of President Garfield, Chief Justice Waite, Bishop McIlvaine, Salmon P. Chase, Thomas Buchanan Read, Stanley Matthews, Governor George Hoadley, General Ormsby McKnight Mitchel, the two presidents William Henry and Benjamin Harrison, President Rutherford B. Hayes, General Sheridan, Senator Sherman, John Brown, and a host of others famous in our country's annals. Mr. Howe tells us that Vinton County was named in honor of Hon. Samuel Finley Vinton, who was a direct descendant of John Vinton of Lynn, Massachusetts. He says: "The founder of the Vinton family in this county was of French origin, by the name of De Vintonne, who was exiled from France on account of his having been a Huguenot." Chillicothe was named from one of the principal tribes of the Shawanese Indians. A sketch of the first settlement of that city is presented, and will be found curiously interesting. The country in the vicinity of Cincinnati owes its beauty, Mr. Howe says, to the ice movements in the glacial era, which gave it those fine terraces along the hills and valleys so much admired. Two years were occupied by the author in writing his original volume. These three later volumes, which include all of his first one, have given him six years of hard labor.





*Chas. J. McCurdy*

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### JUDGE CHARLES JOHNSON McCURDY, 1797-1891

#### HIS HISTORIC HOME IN LYME, CONNECTICUT

AMONG the jurists of the country who have figured in the field of public affairs since the beginning of the present century it would be difficult to find a longer or more perfectly rounded and beautiful life than that of Judge Charles Johnson McCurdy of Lyme, Connecticut. Born in December of the eventful year 1797, when John Adams was in the early part of his Presidency of the United States and George Washington still living, his career has been identified with nine of the most important decades of the world's history. He could remember the excitement which followed the death of Hamilton in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr, and was a boy of ten years when the steamboat of Robert Fulton made her first successful passage from New York to Albany. He was prepared for college during the excitements which culminated in the war of 1812, and was graduated from Yale with honors in 1817, the same year that Madison retired from his second administration and Monroe took the Presidential chair. He studied law with Chief Justice Swift of Windham, and was admitted to the bar in 1819, and with a successful practice from the first had become one of the leading lawyers in the state before there was a railroad projected on this continent.

His handsome portrait which forms our frontispiece represents him at the time he was presiding over the supreme court of Connecticut, about the year 1863. Prior to that date he had won an enviable reputation as a jurist, had occupied for seven years the bench of the superior court, and had been in 1861 an efficient member of the peace congress at Washington. He had also served eleven years as a legislator in his native state, during three of which he was speaker of the house, had been a state senator in 1832 and again in 1847, and was elected lieutenant-governor of Connecticut in 1843 and president of the senate. In 1851 he had been sent to Austria as *chargé d'affaires* by President Fillmore, receiving his commission from Daniel Webster, then secretary of state. He honored all these various positions and conferred dignity upon every duty. His